

JANUARY

E.D.C.



RED BAND

COMICS

10¢

NO. 2

THE
**BOGEY
MAN**

WILL GET YOU
IF YOU DON'T
WATCH
OUT!





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

**NOW—
Easier, Quicker than ever...**

PIANO PLAYING Entirely By EAR



Amazing News OF DAVE MINOR'S NEW REVOLUTIONARY DISCOVERY

Mr. Dave Minor is the man with the largest music class in the world . . . the man who is on the radio from coast to coast, and has taught thousands of folks to play the piano by ear without knowing one music note from another. And now an amazing, thrilling new development so sensational that many of Mr. Minor's former pupils are excited. Recently the play-by-ear piano king developed a new amazing method that revolutionizes piano playing by ear. For 25 years Mr. Minor has been teaching thousands of folks to play the piano, but never before has he been able to offer you such a complete, thorough, simple, easy course. He guarantees that even if you don't know one note of music you CAN play the piano in 21 days or less—or you don't pay one cent!

Sensational Introductory Offer

FREE For your prompt action Dave Minor will send you free of extra cost his great "Play-By-Ear" Song Book, containing 72-page 50 of America's favorite songs. There's not one note of music in this book, but it teaches you to play ballads, waltzes, marches, patriotic and popular songs. Hurry. Send coupon now.

Remember, even if you never played the piano, or don't know one note of music from another, Dave Minor's new, improved, simple course will teach you to play the piano so easy it's really amazing. This new course is so revolutionary that you too can quickly, easily learn to play the piano, yes, if in 3 short weeks you are not actually playing popular songs, marches, ballads, hymns, etc., by ear, you need only return the course for your money back. You take no risk. And just imagine . . . you don't pay a big price, you don't have to spend long hours, but you simply spend a few minutes a day at home, learning to play the piano by this easy, pictured, practical Dave Minor new method. It seems too good to be true, but it is true, and you pay only \$1.49 for the course complete . . . 25 lessons in all. That's actually less than 6c a lesson! But you don't pay unless you actually learn to play. Isn't that a fair, generous offer! Then mail the coupon now, while it's before you.

\$1.49
COMPLETE
NOTHING
ELSE
TO BUY

SEND NO MONEY . . . Mail Coupon TEST ENTIRELY AT OUR RISK

Just think of being able to sit down at the piano and in 21 days being able to play the old familiar tunes, entertaining and delighting your friends. This new, improved course is simple as A B C. It contains all the pictures, all the easy-to-follow instructions. You start playing chords at once, and soon you'll be playing all kinds of songs from Dave Minor's big free song book. Mail the coupon, pay your postman only \$1.49 plus c. o. d. postage on arrival, under a positive guarantee you may return the course in 3 weeks if not delighted for full refund. Don't wait. Send the coupon now.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

MR. DAVE MINOR, Studio 137M
230 EAST OHIO STREET, CHICAGO 11, ILL.

Send your brand new, revolutionary, "Play-By-Ear" Piano Course, and 72-page Song Book. On arrival I will pay postman \$1.49 plus c. o. d. postage on your positive guarantee I may return the course in 3 weeks for money back if not satisfied. (Send \$1.49 with coupon and Dave Minor pays the postage.)

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

BOGEY MAN

WARNING!
the BOGEY MAN
will get you
if you don't
watch out!

LATE ONE NIGHT, AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...

YOU CAN STOP GRILLING PIPES, INSPECTOR... HERE'S ONE OF YOUR COP-KILLERS!

WHAT? HE CONFESSED!

IT TOOK A LITTLE LONGER THAN USUAL, BUT HE SANG LIKE A ROBIN! HIS BROTHER, RUSTY, IS IN ON THE KILLIN' TOO!

IZZAT-SO? SEND OUT THE ALARM... BRING IN RUSTY BLADE!!

THE WHOLE POLICE AFTER HIM, AND A MYSTERY WRITER HAS TO BRING IN THE MURDERER! IT'S HUMILIATING!!

TA-TA, INSPECTOR... SEE YOU IN JAIL!

HEY, WHAT ABOUT ME, INSPECTOR?

GET OUT OF HERE... BEFORE I TURN YA IN FOR OBSTRUCTIN' TRAFFIC!

EASY, INSPECTOR! I C'N TAKE A HINT!



CHEE! DE GUY'S A GEENIUS!



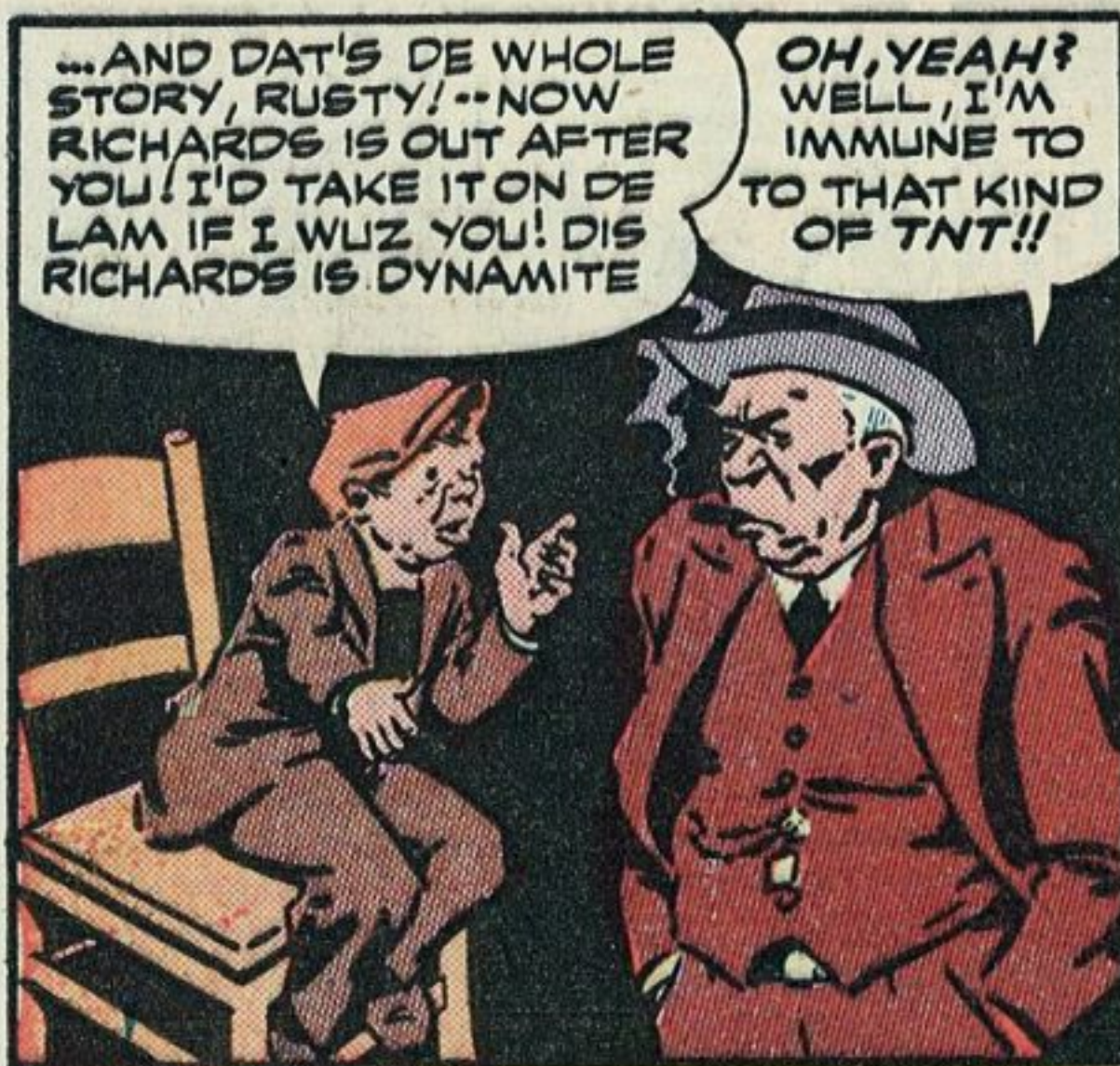
I GOTTA TELL RUSTY!



WHEW!
HAVE I G-GOT (PUFF) BAD NEWS!

SPEAK UP!

PUFF!
PUFF!
PUFF!



...AND DAT'S DE WHOLE STORY, RUSTY!--NOW RICHARDS IS OUT AFTER YOU! I'D TAKE IT ON DE LAM IF I WUZ YOU! DIS RICHARDS IS DYNAMITE

OH, YEAH? WELL, I'M IMMUNE TO TO THAT KIND OF TNT!!



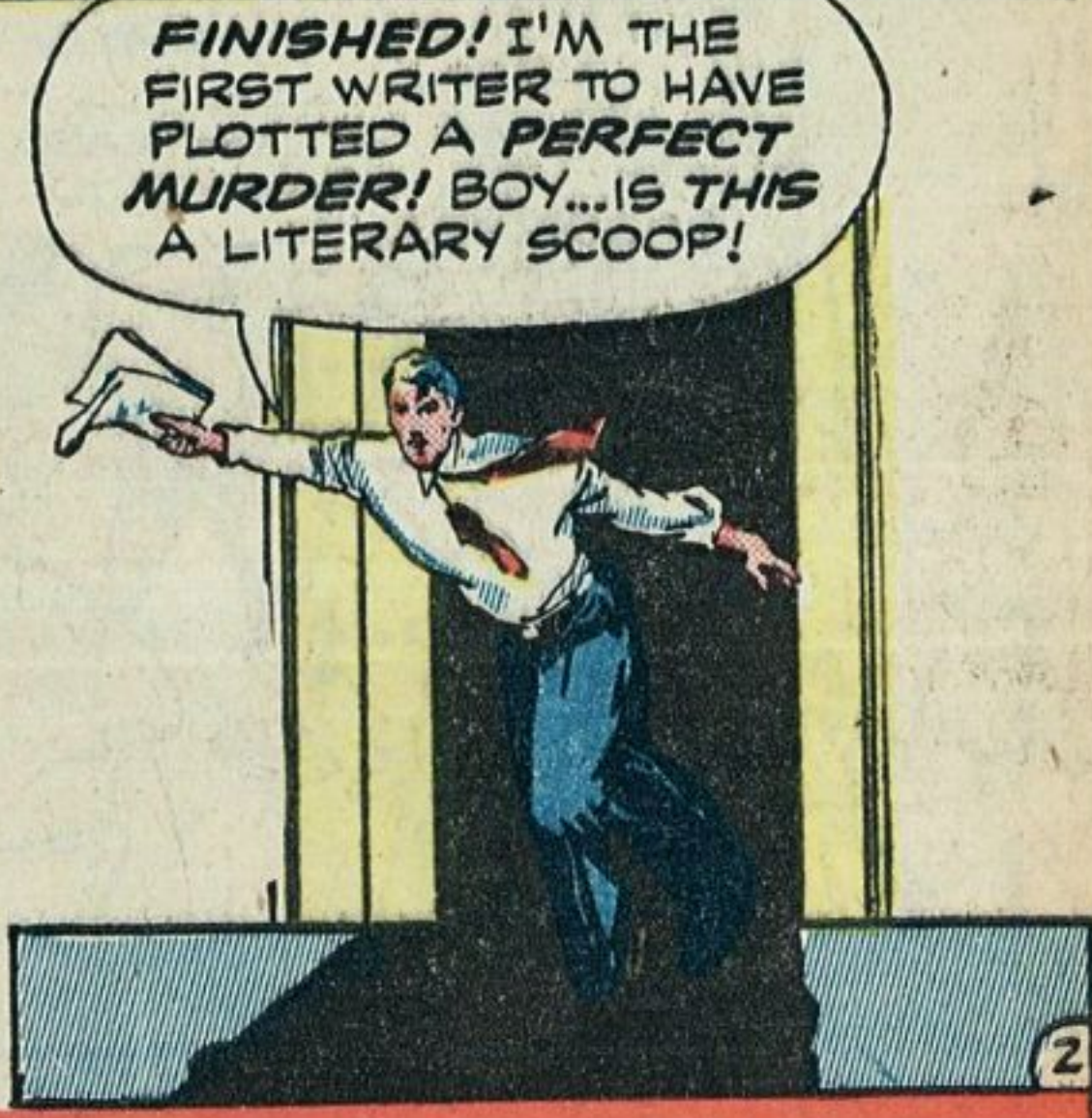
TRIGGER! ACTOR! TAKE PIPES AND PUT A SILENCER ON THIS RICHARDS!

LEAVE ME OUTTA DIS! I'M A PEACEFUL GUY!!



MEANWHILE... AT THE HOME OF KENDALL RICHARDS...

ONE MORE PARAGRAPH AND IT'S COMPLETE! WHAT A NOVEL!



FINISHED! I'M THE FIRST WRITER TO HAVE PLOTTED A PERFECT MURDER! BOY...IS THIS A LITERARY SCOOP!



INTO THE BRIEF-CASE WITH THE STORY...AND INTO BED WITH ME...
HO-HUM!

DERE HE IS! BUT YA BETTER BE CAREFUL... HE'S LIKE A **TORNADO!!**



ABRUPTLY...

WE'LL PUT YA TO SLEEP, CHUMP!

HUH!!



UH-UH! WANT TO PLAY ROUGH, EH?

GOTCHA!

OOPS!



HAVE A SEAT WITH YOUR PAL!

UH! BUT I AIN'T TIRED!

BOP!



RUSTY AIN'T GONNA BELIEVE DIS! WELL, RICHARDS' BRIEF-CASE'LL PROVE WE BEEN HERE!

THIS IS FOR NOTHING! NOW, BEAT IT AND LET A MAN SLEEP!

CRACK!



OH, WELL...EXERCISE NEVER HURTS BEFORE HITTING THE HAY...(YAWN)...

**I AIN'T GONNA ARGUE WIT'YA--
LEMMIE OUTTA HERE!!**

AND SO...BACK AT RUSTY'S---

IT'S ABOUT TIME
YOU CAME BACK!
WHAT TOOK YOU...
WHAT HAPPENED?



DE GUY
FIGHTS
LIKE A
PRO... WE
WUZ TAKEN
BY
SURPRISE!

YOU BUNGLING DOPES! NOW
IT'LL BE IMPOSSIBLE TO
GET NEAR HIM! HE'LL HAVE
A CORDON OF COPS A MILE
LONG SURROUNDING HIM
FROM NOW ON!



DON'T BE SORE, RUSTY!
LOOK, I HEIST DIS BRIEF-
CASE FROM HIS ROOM...
MAYBE IT'S LOADED
WIT' DOUGH...

LET ME
SEE...



DOUGH? ARE YOU
KIDDING? THERE'S
NOTHING HERE BUT
A MANUSCRIPT...
THROW IT OUT!!

GEE... AN' I
T'HOUGHT IT WAS
VALUABLE...



WAIT A MINUTE!
GIVE ME THAT
MANUSCRIPT!!
THAT TITLE...
IT SOUNDED
GOOD!!

AW... MAKE UP
YER MIND!
FOIST I T'ROW
IT OUT... DEN
I DON'T!



INTERESTING...VERY
INTERESTING!--YOU
BOYS AMUSE YOUR-
SELVES WHILE I READ
THIS! NOW, SCAT!



HMMM!



NOT BAD...

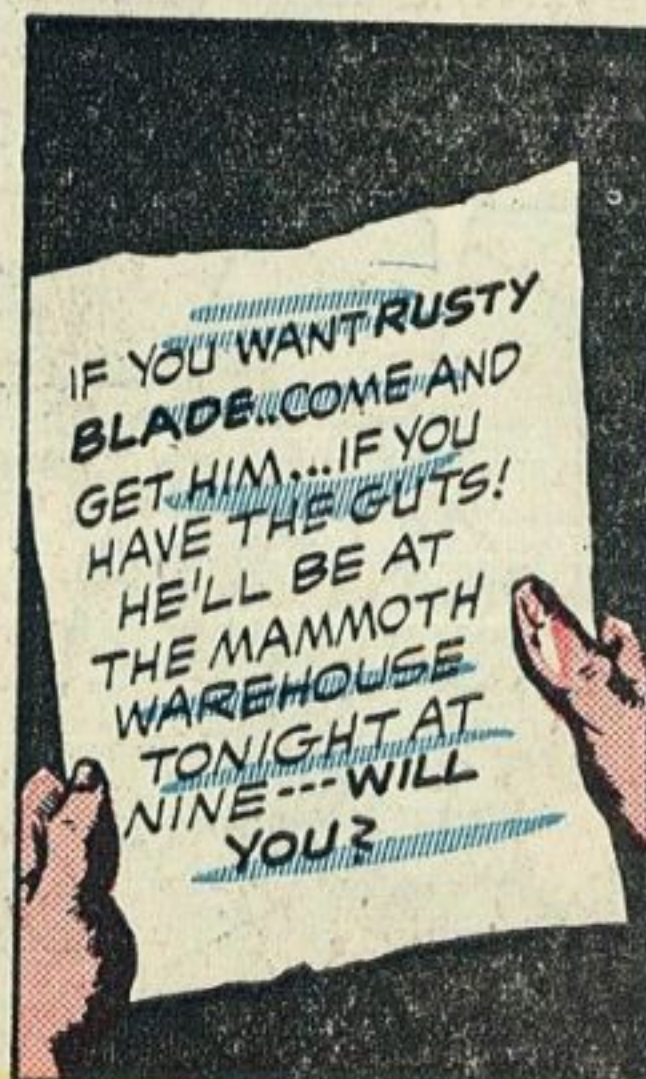
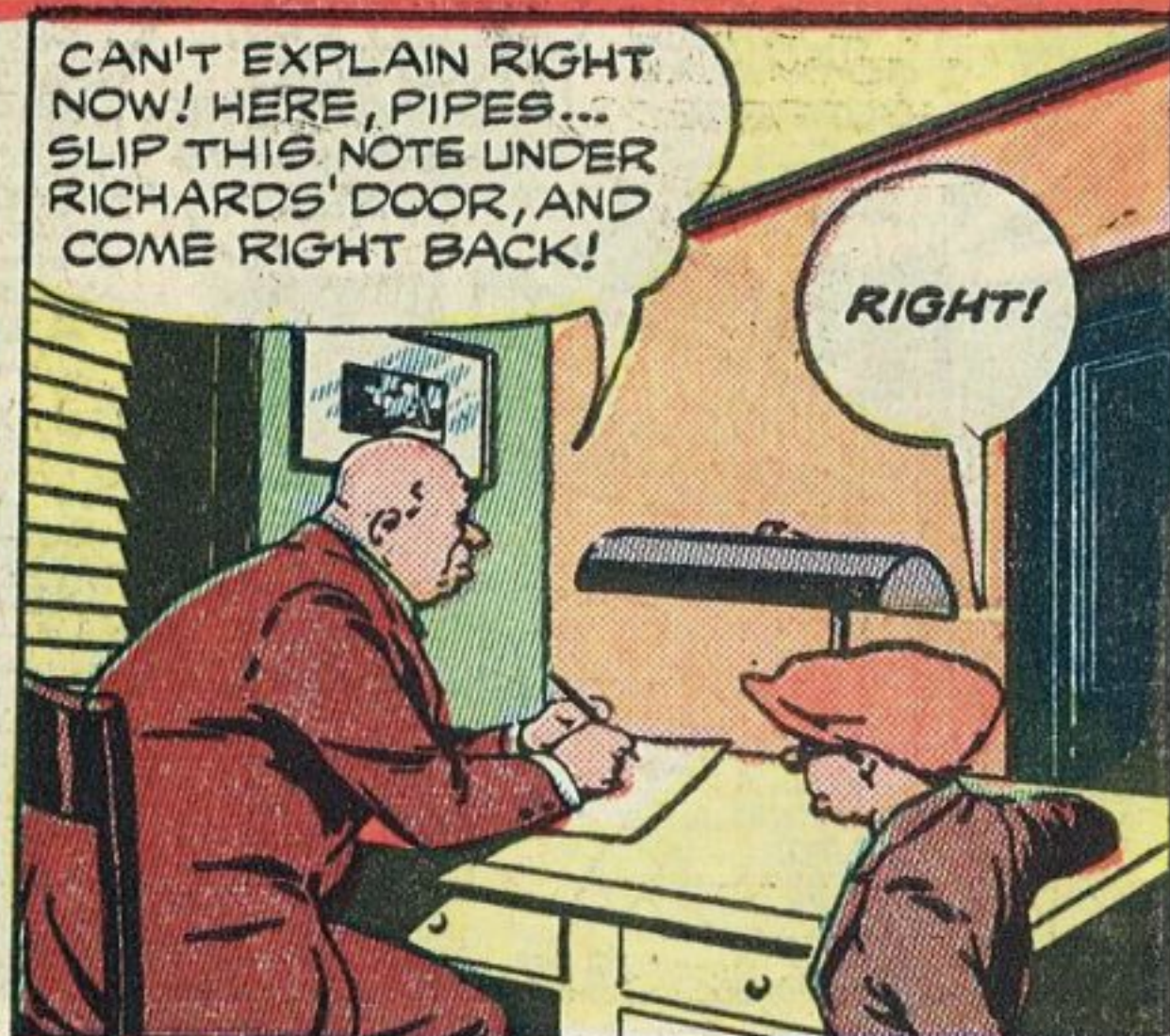


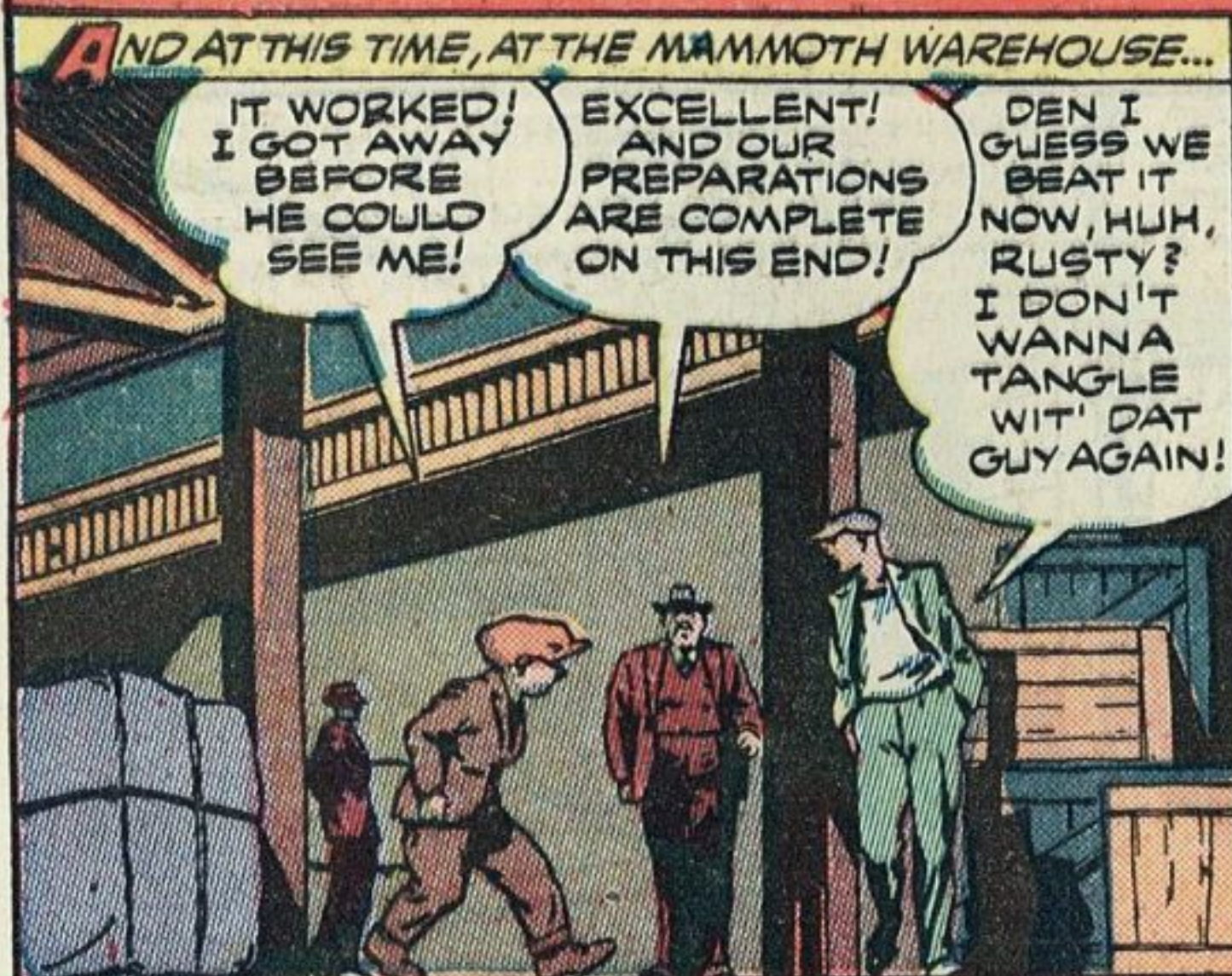
NOT BAD
AT ALL...



PERFECT...
IS RIGHT!







SUDDENLY, FROM ABOVE, A HUGE FISHERMAN'S NET FALLS, AND...

WHAT THE... **THE NET!**
MY PLOT IS WORKING...
BUT I NEVER THOUGHT
I'D BE THE BAIT!

PRECISELY, RICHARDS!
YOU MUST ADMIT I'VE
STUDIED YOUR MANU-
SCRIPT QUITE
THOROUGHLY! COME
DOWN, BOYS!

NOW I GET
IT, RUSTY!
GEE...
YOU'RE A
GEENIUS!!

THANKS, PIPES!
I ONLY HOPE
MR. RICHARDS
APPRECIATES
THIS AS MUCH!

I IMAGINE THE REST
WILL BE BORING TO
YOU, RICHARDS, SINCE
YOU ALREADY KNOW
HOW YOU'RE TO DIE!

ONLY TOO WELL!
THIS IS A SPOT
KEN! BETTER
LOOK FOR SOME-
THING... ANYTHING!
GOT TO...

DO I MAYBE
KONK HIM
NOW, RUSTY?

NO! HE DOESN'T CALL
FOR IT IN THE BOOK...
AND WE WANT TO
FOLLOW IT TO A "T"
DON'T WE?

ONLY TOO WELL!
THIS IS A SPOT,
KEN! BETTER LOOK
FOR SOMETHING...
ANYTHING...

MINUTES LATER... AT
THE DOCKS...

PAGE 202 SAYS WE
"PLACE THE VICTIM
INTO THE STEEL
CASKET..."

"...CLOSE IT
TIGHTLY, AND
FINALLY..."

"...INTO THE WATER! NOW
FOR THE LAST CHAPTER
OF... **THE PERFECT
MURDER**!! LET'S GET
TO A PHONE!"

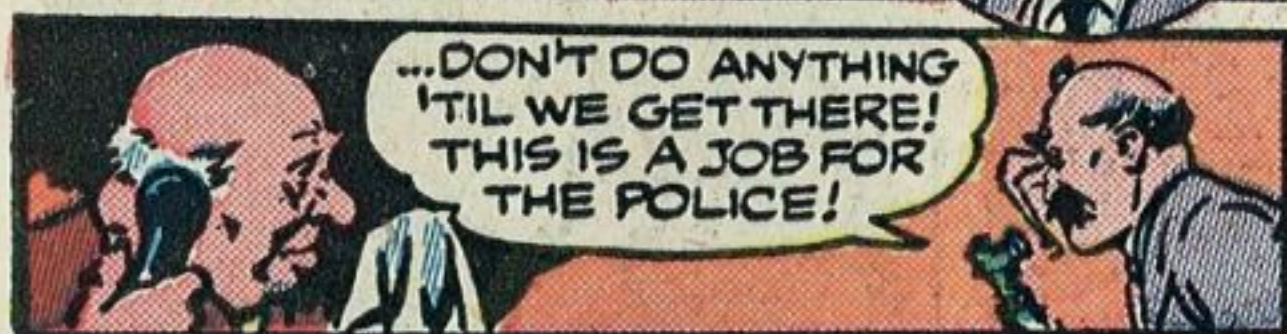


HELLO, BUNTING?
THIS IS RICHARDS!
I'VE GOT RUSTY
BLADE
CORNERED!

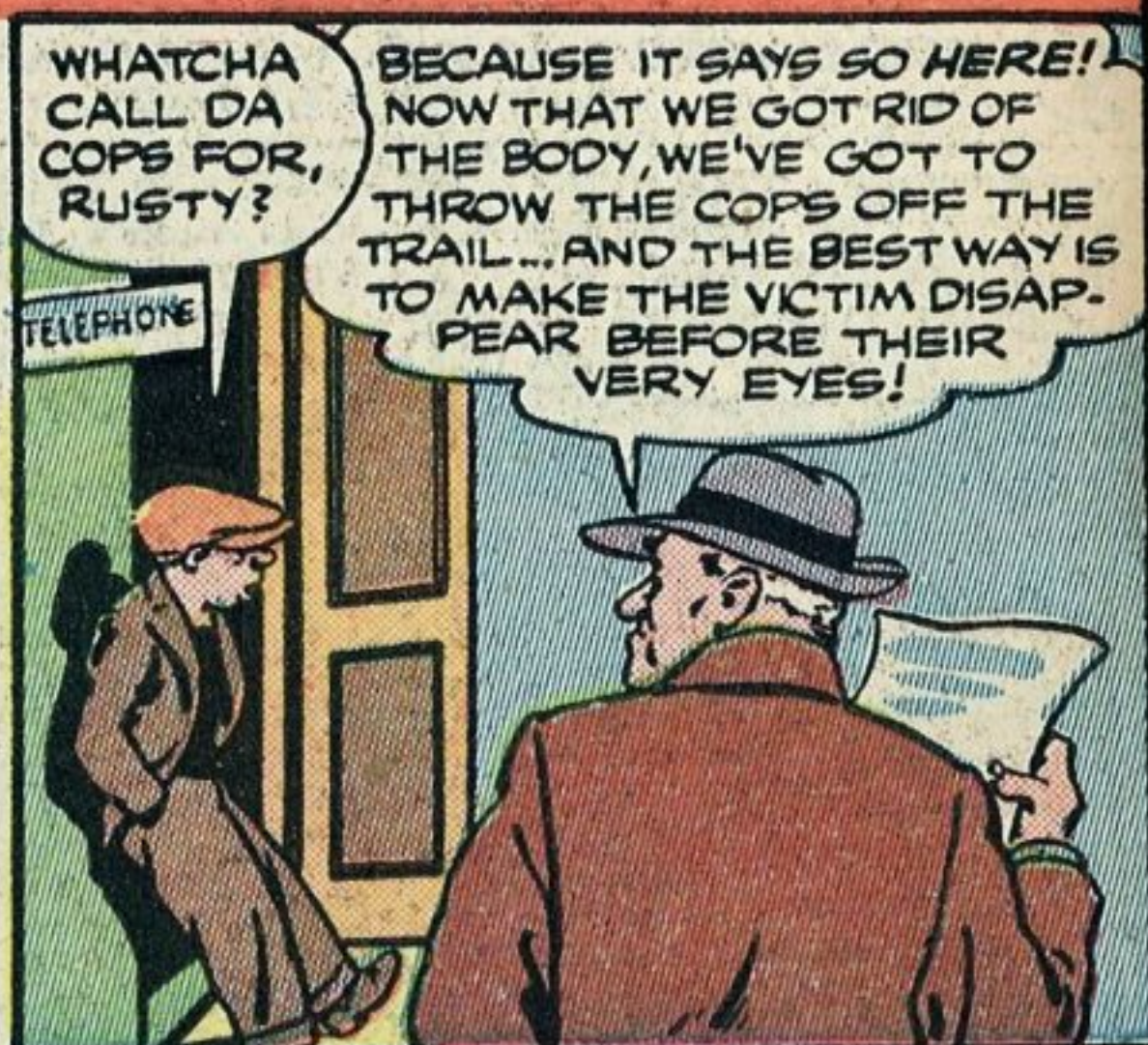


MEET ME AT 25
BEECH STREET...
HURRY!

OKAY,
KEN...



...DON'T DO ANYTHING
'TIL WE GET THERE!
THIS IS A JOB FOR
THE POLICE!



WHATCHA
CALL DA
COPS FOR,
RUSTY?

BECAUSE IT SAYS SO HERE!
NOW THAT WE GOT RID OF
THE BODY, WE'VE GOT TO
THROW THE COPS OFF THE
TRAIL... AND THE BEST WAY IS
TO MAKE THE VICTIM DISAP-
PEAR BEFORE THEIR
VERY EYES!

LATER... AT RUSTY'S HIDEOUT...



"THE DOUBLE MUST
HAVE THE SAME BUILD
AND FROM FIFTY FEET
MUST PASS AS THE
MURDERED MAN..."
THAT'S YOU, ACTOR!

RIGHT DOWN
MY ALLEY,
RUSTY! I
HAVEN'T
BEEN ON
THE STAGE
IN YEARS!



PRESTO! KENDALL
RICHARDS... WELL, AT
LEAST FROM FIFTY
FEET! YOU LOOK JUST
LIKE HIM, ACTOR!

THAT'S NO COMPLIMENT,
RUSTY... BUT I'LL PLAY
THIS PART LIKE A
BARRYMORE!



AND SO, MINUTES LATER,
AT 25 BEECH STREET...

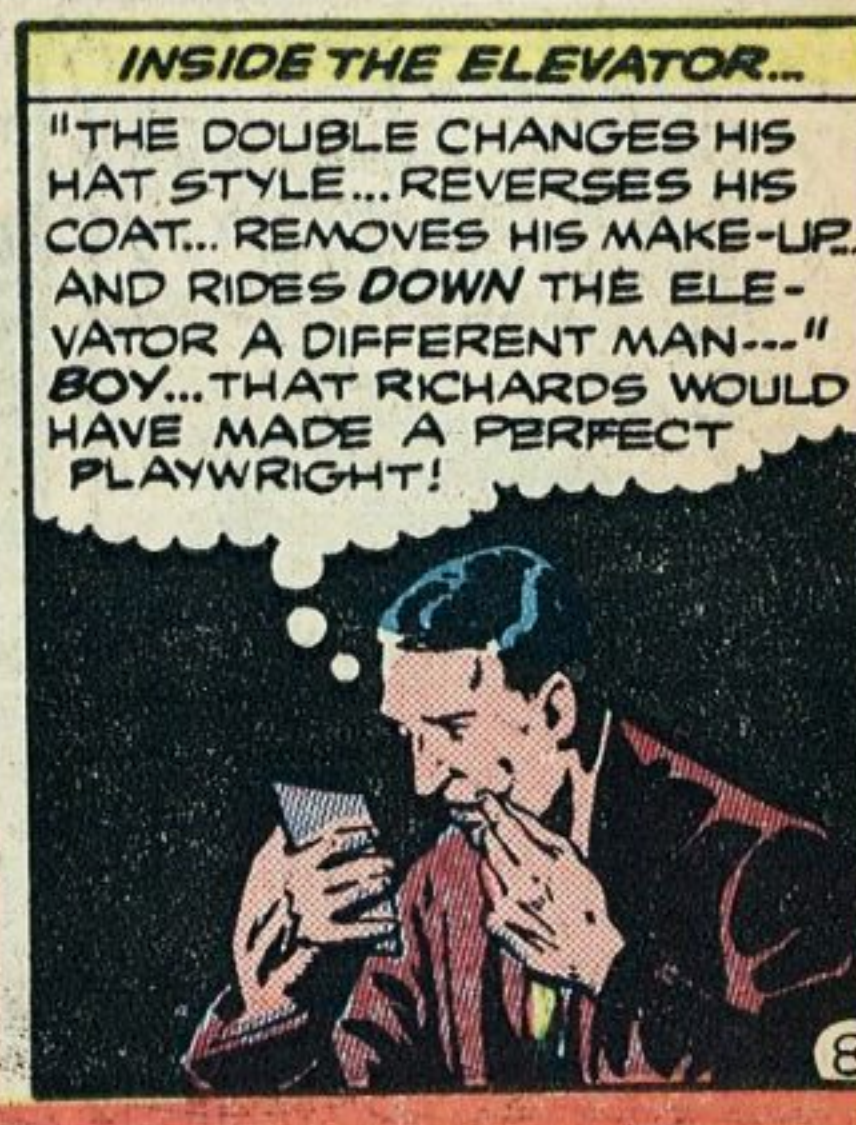
GOT HERE
IN TIME,
RICHARDS!
HEY! WAIT
FOR US!!

CAN'T WAIT,
BUNTING!



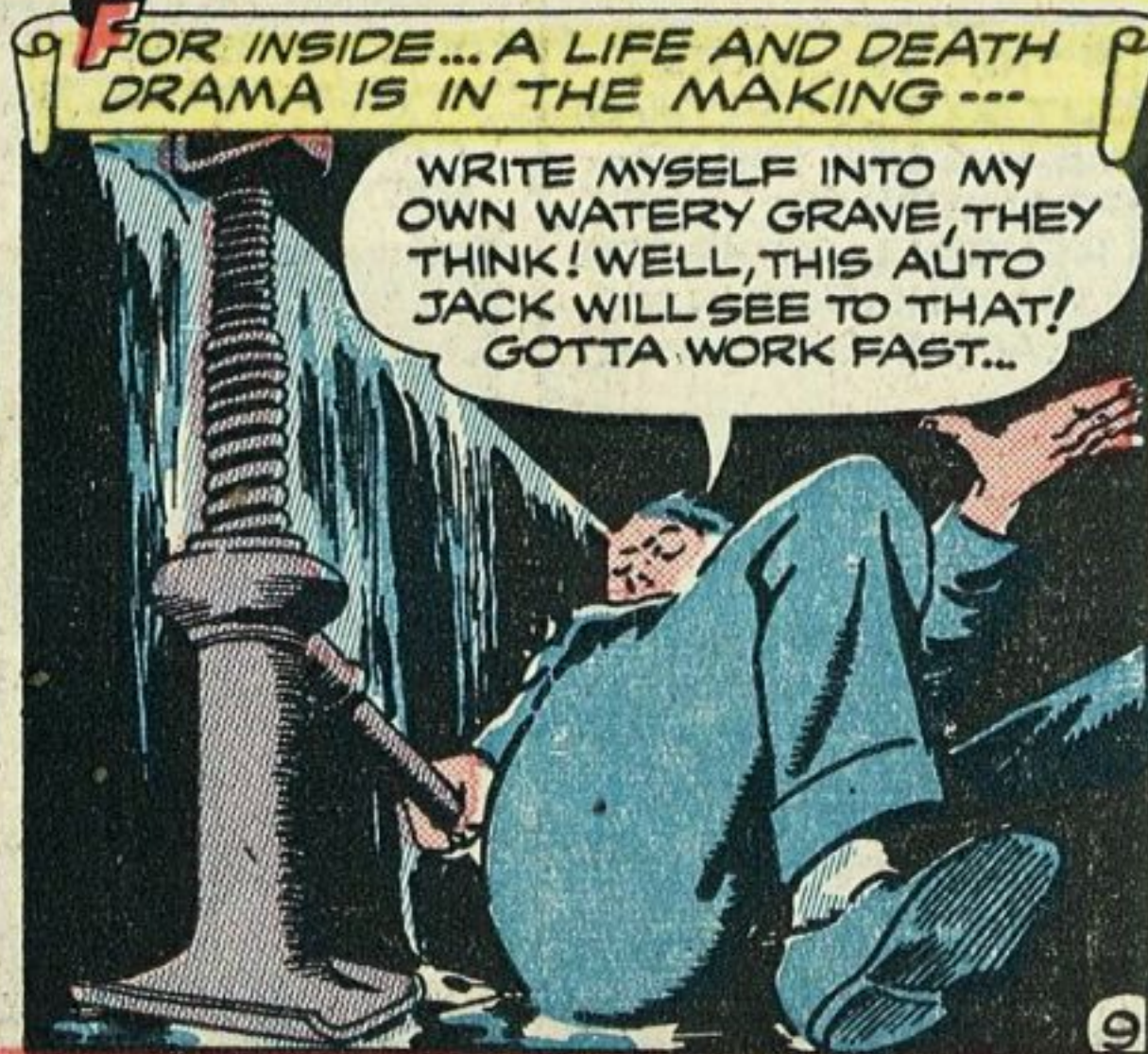
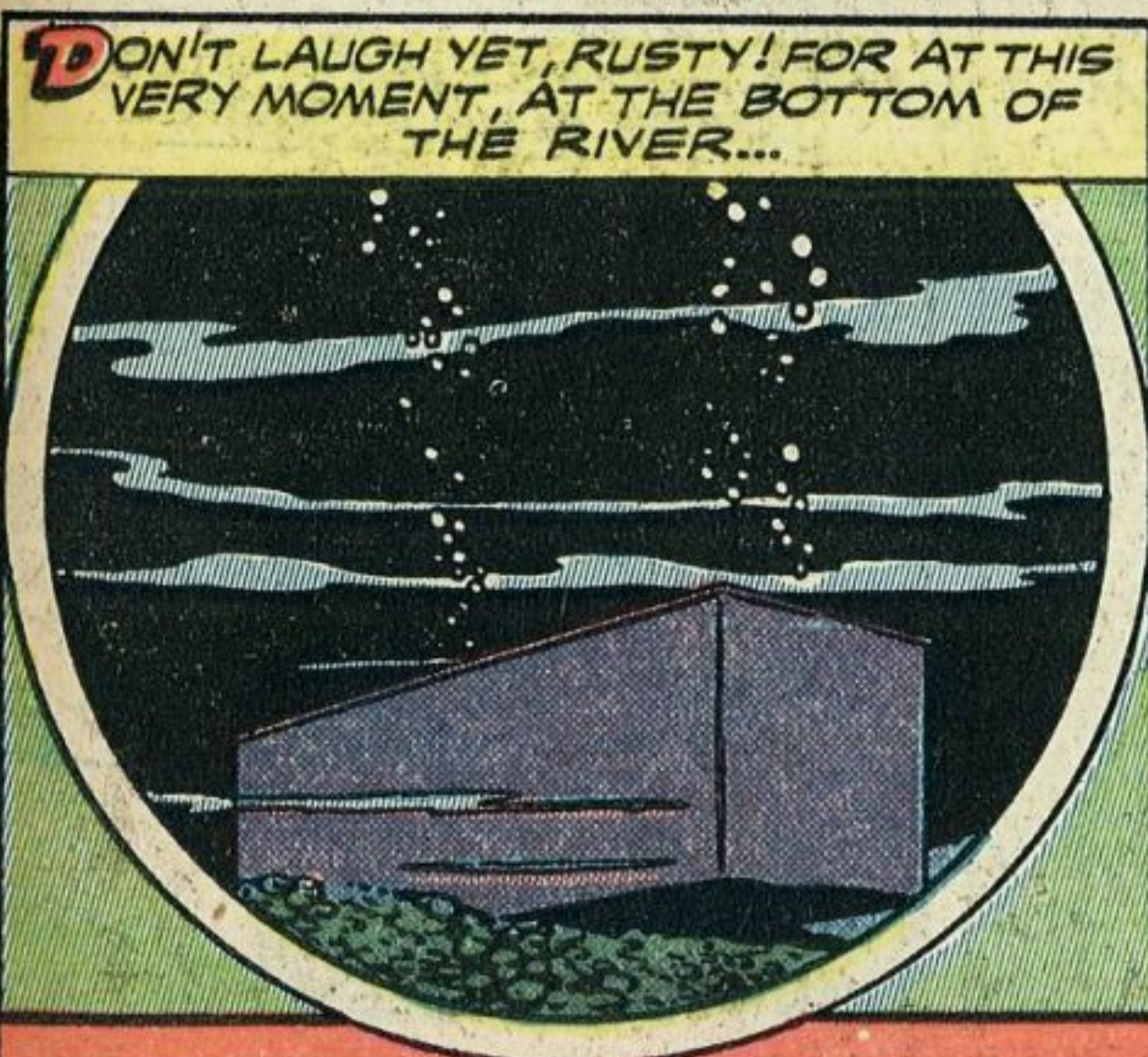
THE CRAZY
FOOL... TRYING
TO BEAT US!
NOW WE'LL
HAVE TO WAIT
FOR THE
ELEVATOR!

HE'S
STOPPED
ON THE
NINTH
FLOOR,
INSPECTOR!



INSIDE THE ELEVATOR...

"THE DOUBLE CHANGES HIS
HAT STYLE... REVERSES HIS
COAT... REMOVES HIS MAKE-UP.
AND RIDES DOWN THE ELE-
VATOR A DIFFERENT MAN..."
BOY... THAT RICHARDS WOULD
HAVE MADE A PERFECT
PLAYWRIGHT!



TENSE MOMENTS, THEN... SUCCESS!



THIS SETTLES **ONE** THING! MY CAREER AS A NOVELIST IS OVER... AND ALSO MY SOLVING AND MAKING CRIMES WITH A TYPEWRITER... **THAT'S OVER, TOO!**



IF THEY'VE CARRIED OUT MY PLOT---THAT MEANS I'VE DISAPPEARED! WELL, LET KENDALL RICHARDS VANISH... BUT IN HIS PLACE I'LL BECOME...



...BOGEY MAN!!
I WILL AVENGE EVERY DEATH, EVERY CRIME COMMITTED BY THESE VULTURES! AND FIRST... I'LL MAKE THEM PAY FOR KENDALL RICHARDS' DEATH!!

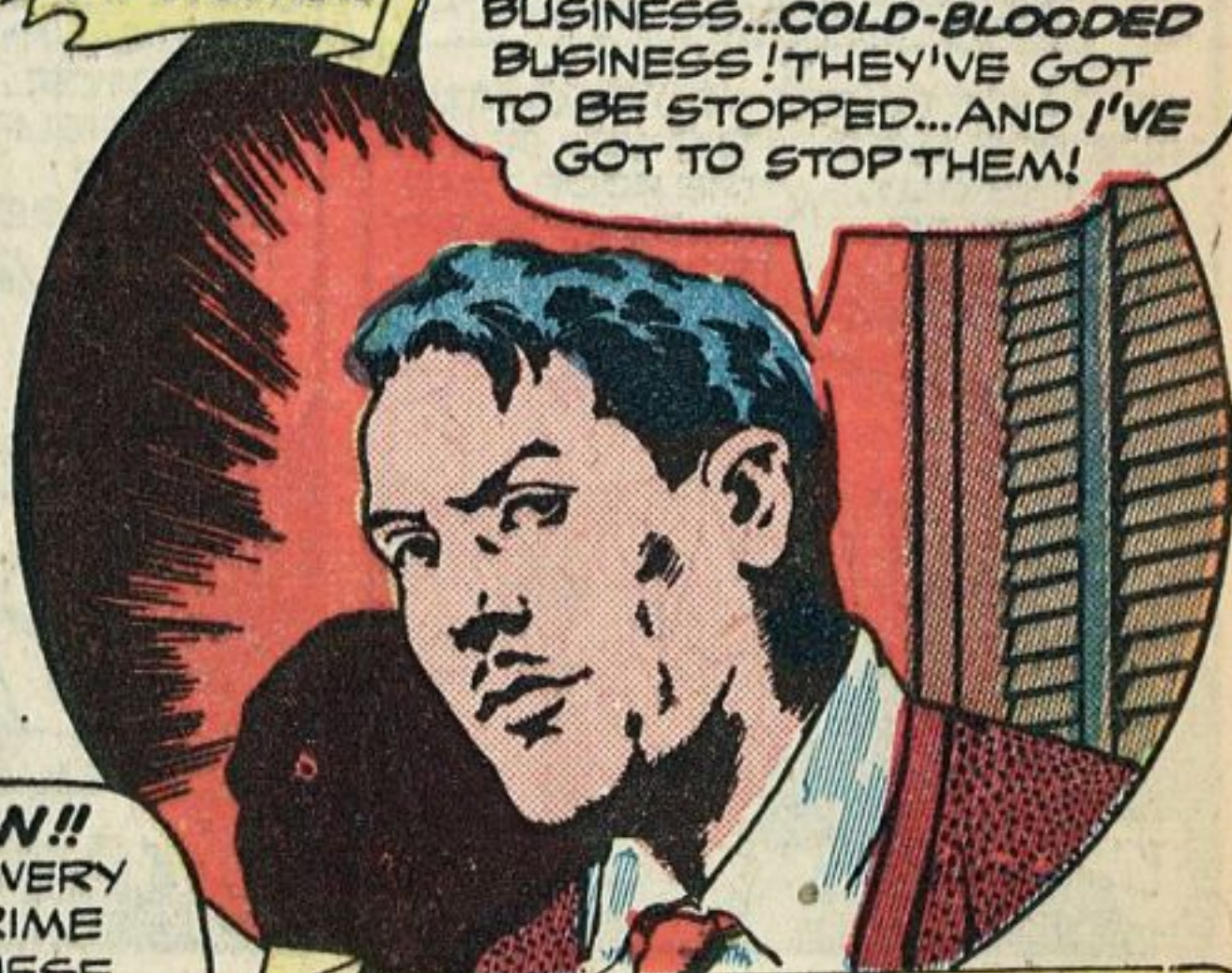


WHEW! AND I THOUGHT I HAD A **PERFECT MURDER!** WELL, THANK HEAVENS I **DIDN'T!!**



LATER... AT HOME...

THESE MONKEYS MEAN BUSINESS... **COLD-BLOODED BUSINESS!** THEY'VE GOT TO BE STOPPED... AND I'VE GOT TO STOP THEM!



DAYS LATER... A SLEEK SEDAN SPEEDS NOISELESSLY THROUGH DARK SLUM STREETS...

YOU'RE TAKIN' CHANCES RIDIN' IN DE OPEN LIKE DIS, RUSTY!

FORGET IT! WITH RICHARDS GONE-- WHO'VE I GOT TO BE SCARED OF? **SAY,** ISN'T THAT ACTOR BY THAT LAMP POST?



LISTEN, ACTOR!
THE PLAY'S
OVER! STOP
HAMMING...
OH... IT'S NOT
YOU, ACTOR!
SORRY, BUD...

I'M NOT
SORRY,
RUSTY
BLADE!
THANKS FOR
STOPPING...
SAVES ME THE
TROUBLE OF
LOOKING
FOR YOU!

WHAT DO
YOU MEAN?
WHY THE
MASK,
BUD... WHO
ARE
YOU?

BOGEY MAN!
AND I'M GOING
TO MAKE YOU
PAY FOR THE
MURDER OF...
KENDALL
RICHARDS!!

WHAT? HOW DO YOU... NO!!
YOU CAN'T KNOW---IT WAS
PERFECT! SOMEONE
TALKED... THAT'S IT...



ONE OF YOU!! IT HAD
TO BE ONE OF YOU
RATS! I'LL KILL YOU
BEFORE...

NO, RUSTY... NO!!!
WE NEVER SAW
DIS BOGEY MAN...
S'HELP ME! NO...



TAKE
THIS...
HUH--?

WANNA BUMP
US OFF, YA RAT?
I'LL SHOW YA...

I'LL TAKE THIS,
RUSTY... IT
MIGHT
GO OFF!



SQUEALING
RATS!!

I'LL
GETCHA!

GET IT OVER
WITH, WILLYOU,
FELLOWS?
YOU'RE HOLDING
ME UP!



MIGHTY ACCOMODATING-OF
YOU MUGGS... SAVES WEAR
AND TEAR ON THE KNUCKLES!
NOW FOR A SHORT RIDE
TO THE CEMETERY!!



SECONDS LATER...

THIS TIME I'VE GOT
A NEW PLOT---BUT
PERFECT!!



IN YOU
GO, PIPES!



NEXT YOU,
TRIGGER...
AND RUSTY!



AND THAT IS THE
BEST PIECE OF
WORK I'VE EVER
DONE!



WE'RE...WE'RE IN A MAUSO-
LEUM... A GRAVE! THERE'S
NO DOOR, NO WINDOWS---
NOTHING! WE'RE TRAPPED!
WE'RE BURIED ALIVE!!

LOOK,
RUSTY...
HERE'S
A NOTE!

WH-WHAT
HAPPENED?
WHERE
ARE WE?



LET 'EM COME! JUST LET ME
OUT OF HERE! I'LL CONFESS TO
ANYTHING! I'M SCARED!!

HERE'S ANOTHER
PERFECT MURDER,
RUSTY! IF I DON'T
CALL THE POLICE
YOU'LL PROBABLY BE
HERE FOR AT LEAST
100 YEARS! BUT
DON'T WORRY---
THEY'LL BE HERE
SOON!
Bogey Man.



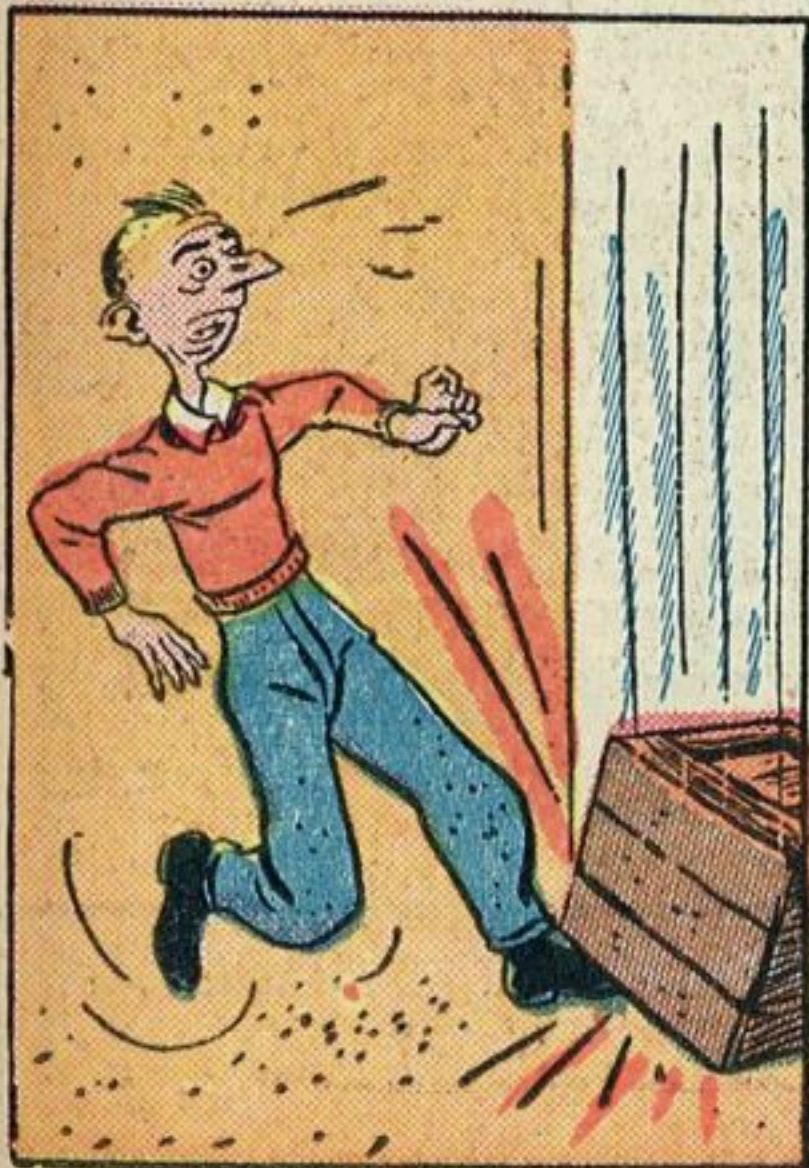
SCARED...WELL, THAT'S EXACTLY
WHAT I WANT TO HEAR! HEAR ME,
ALL YOU OF THE UNDER-
WORLD! FROM NOW ON...
TAKE HEED! ONE FALSE
MOVE, AND...THE BOGEY
MAN WILL GET YOU...IF
YOU DON'T WATCH OUT!



Buy WAR BONDS
and STAMPS!

First Aid

TERRY SCHIANO



The SORCERER and His APPRENTICE



VENICE, FOUR HUNDRED YEARS AGO... STRANGE, DARK INTRIGUES ARE THE ORDER OF THE DAY AND... INVOLVED AGAINST HIS WILL, IN MANY OF THESE FOUL PLOTS IS... THE SORCEROR, MASTER OF MANY MAGICS AND... OF ALL PEOPLE, HIS APPRENTICE!!

IN AN ANCIENT VENETIAN DEN, THE SORCEROR BEGINS HIS MOST BIZARRE CONJURATION!

My Venerable one... it is time I renewed thy youth!

Time and past time, mighty master of magic!



By Cthulu and Mélék Tawus, I conjure! quickly, aged one... if dost desire youth, hand me the dried dragon's blood!





Azaliel, aid me!
Mnenos, be with
me! Hurry the
jar of toad-
jewels!





Bespeak me true,
or by the power of
my wand, thou
shalt a toad
become!

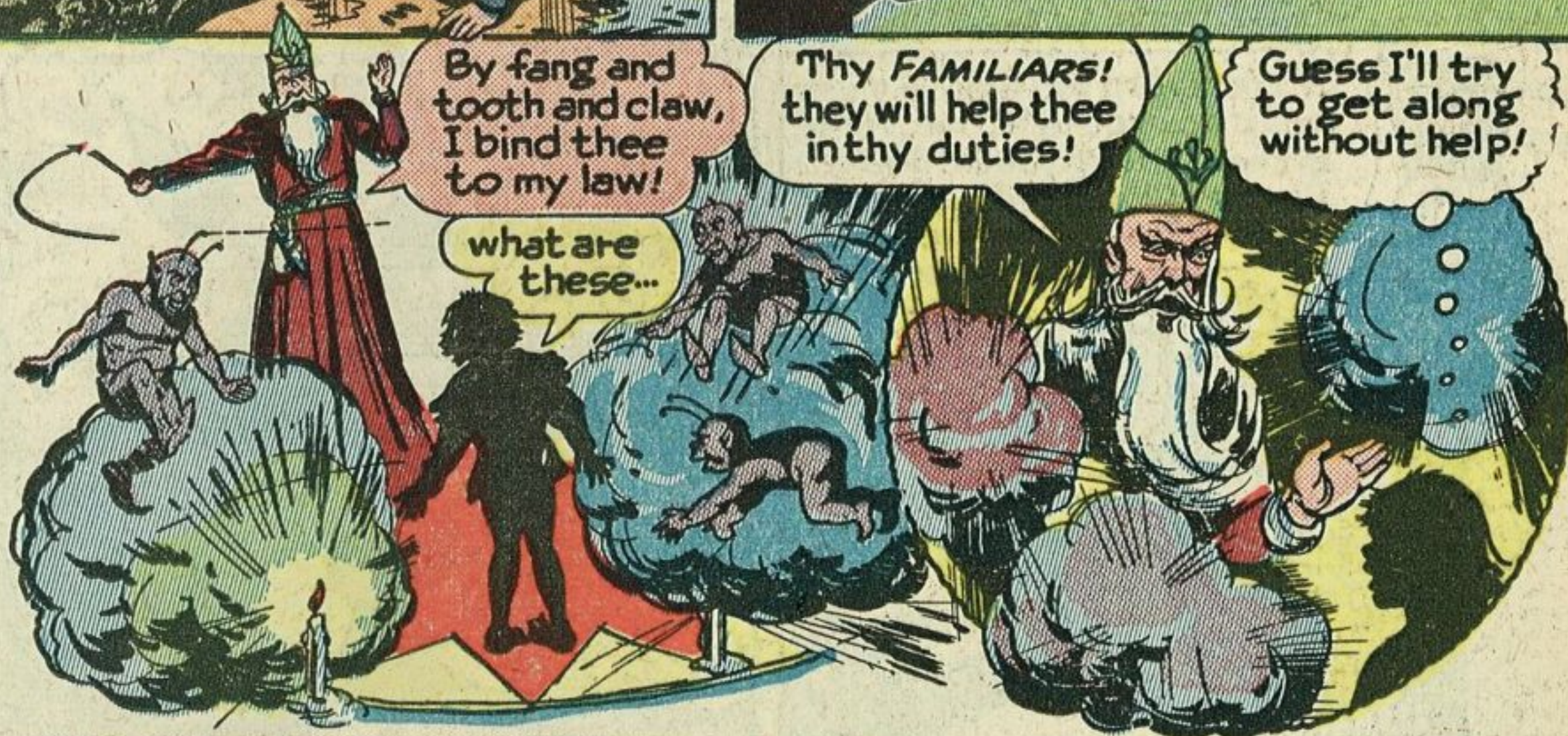
'Tis true...I
swear it! She
muttered as
she passed... 'dried
dragon's blood... I'll
drink none of that!
Better age than...



SO IT WAS, THAT THE SORCEROR, LEFT
WITHOUT AN AIDE APPRENTICED LITTLE
JOE DJERK!

and so, seeing her leave, you
attempted to help me! 'Twas
not YOUR fault you gave me
the wrong ingredients...
Wouldst be my apprentice,
and learn the ancient
lore?

wouldst!



By fang and
tooth and claw,
I bind thee
to my law!

what are
these...

Thy FAMILIARS!
they will help thee
in thy duties!

Guess I'll try
to get along
without help!



JUST THEN AN INSISTENT KNOCK
FILLS THE ROOM...

No customers must view my room
in this disrepute! Clean it well...
I'll meet them
in the ante-
chamber!



Not a bad job at all! Plenty of
chance for advancement, too!
h'mm...funny
looking book...
Wonder what's
in it?

MEANWHILE, IN THE ANTECHAMBER...

How now, Magus would argue with ME, with Borgia?

This thing you want is evil...I will NOT!!



Kill me if you will, but I won't give a murderous beast like you, the robe of INVISIBILITY! You'd kill half of Venice!

Off with his head!

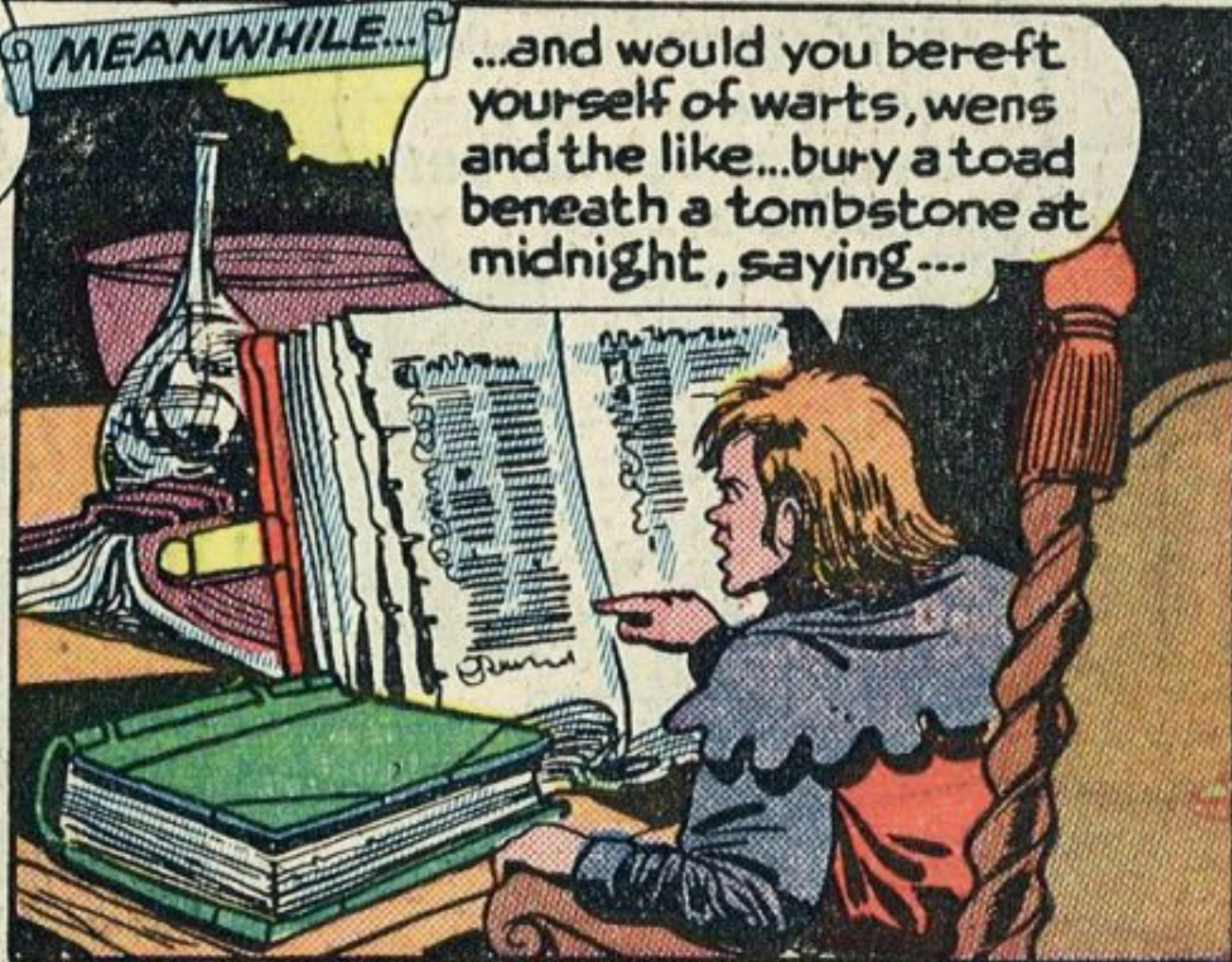


Hold the varlet! Let's see if his magic can restore his head... after I cut it off!



MEANWHILE...

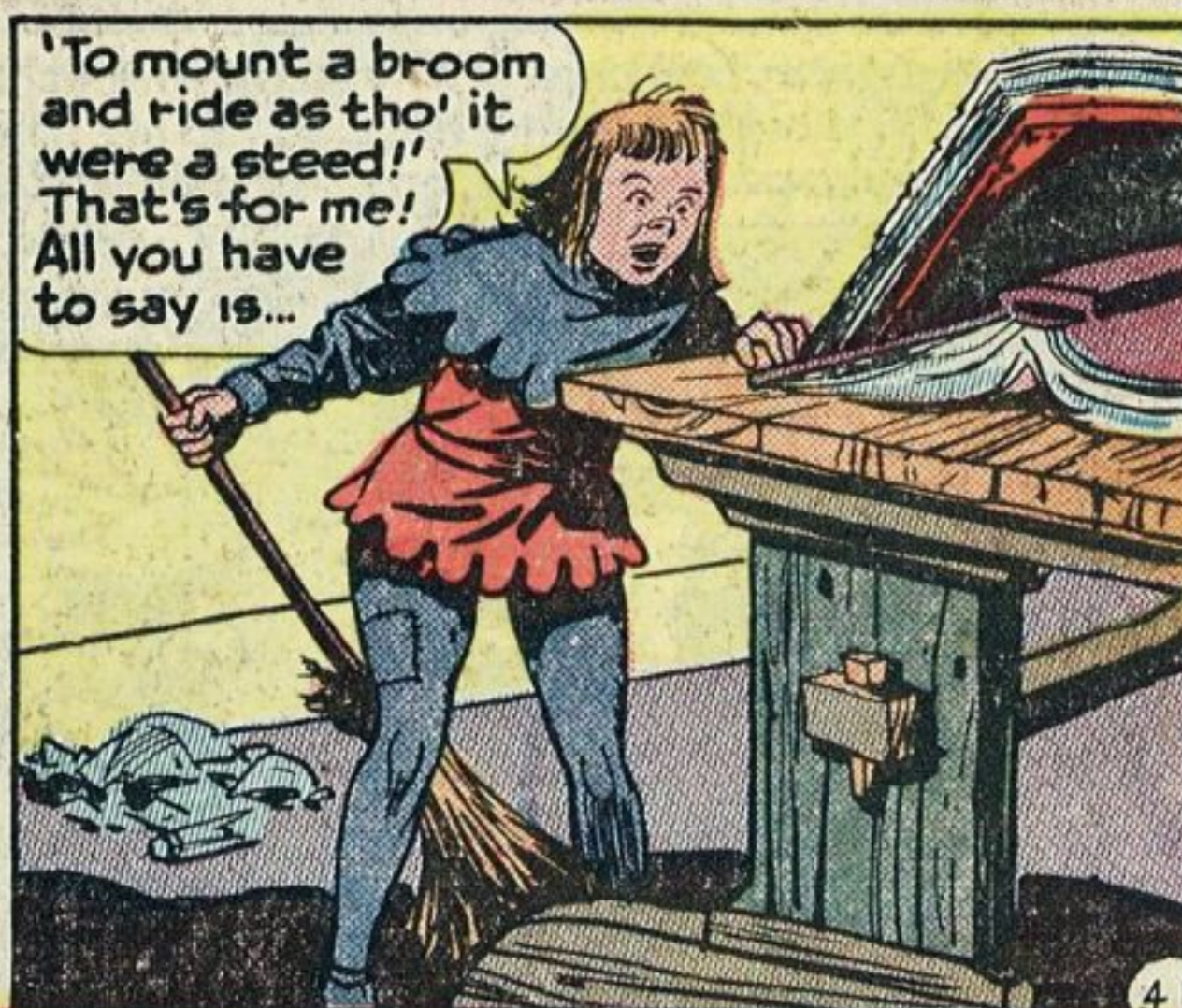
...and would you bereft yourself of warts, wens and the like...bury a toad beneath a tombstone at midnight, saying---



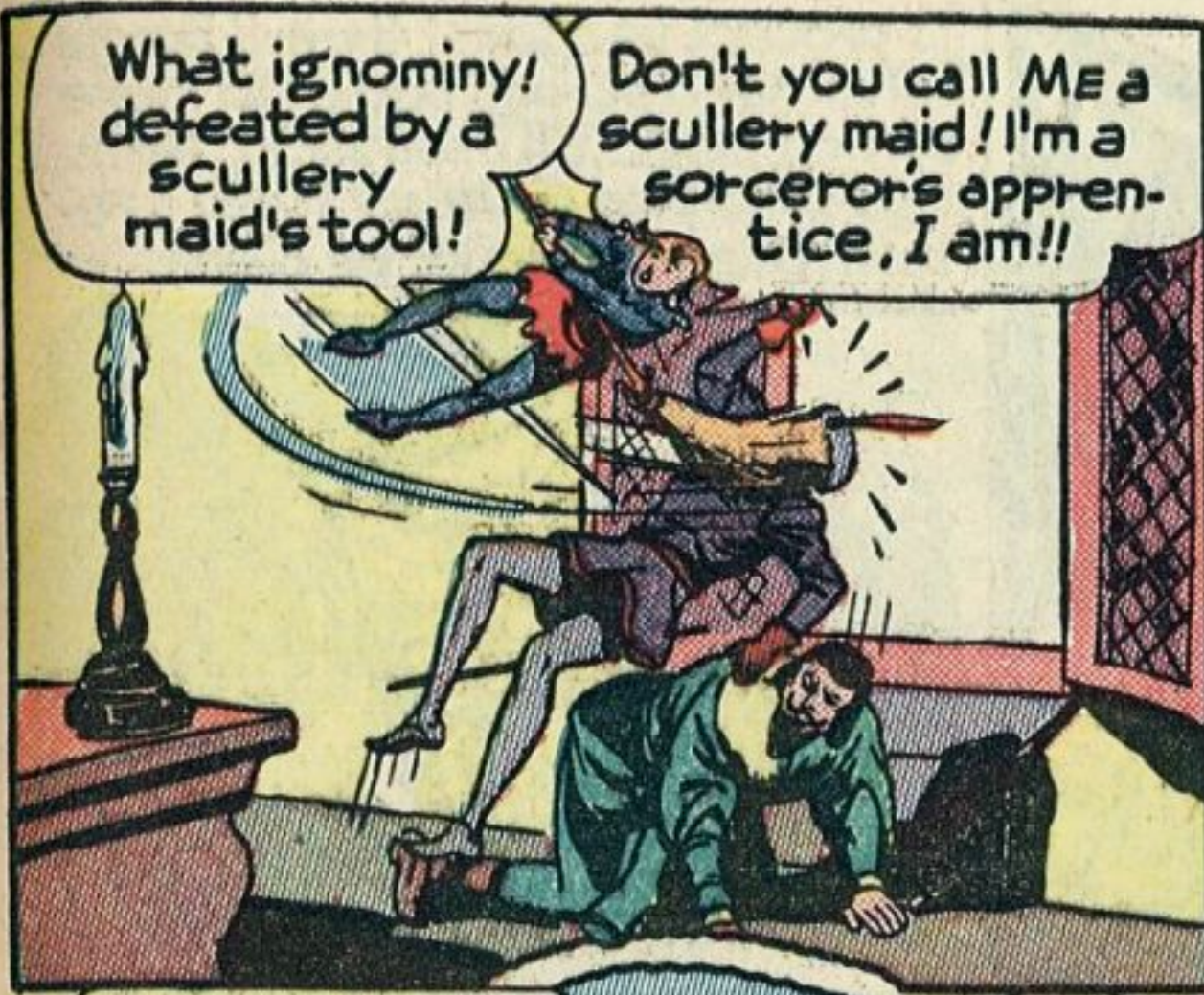
'Wart to toad...to earth returneth!' Huh...that's easy! wonder what's next?



'To mount a broom and ride as tho' it were a steed!' That's for me! All you have to say is...







I thank thee for thy unexpected aid! But now, to work, for this day we made an enemy of the most treacherous, murderous man in all Venice! This room is a veritable pig-sty...to work!



To protect us against the evil Borgia I shall need strong magic! To make strong magic, I'll need strong herbs... I go for some GARLIC! When I return, this room must be clean!



PHEW! This is hard work...but hold! The Sorcerer said my FAMILIARS would help me! Hey...come on you guys...get to work!



Uh...if you don't mind would you give me a hand here, Gentlemen?



Come on, hurry up! No slackers around here! Boy...this is the life!



IN THE MEANTIME, BORGIA HAS WASTED NO TIME! FOR, IN THE HALL...

I'll take no chance against witchcraft This time! Here is a beautiful flower for the brat! One whiff of this powder means... DEATH!!





Before the flower withers he will breathe no more! Next...his master...



Will wonders never cease? A rose, from out of the air!

May we leave, master? Our chores are done!



Sure...scat! Go on...I'll call you when I need you! I wonder where this rose came from? Can it smell as sweet as it looks?



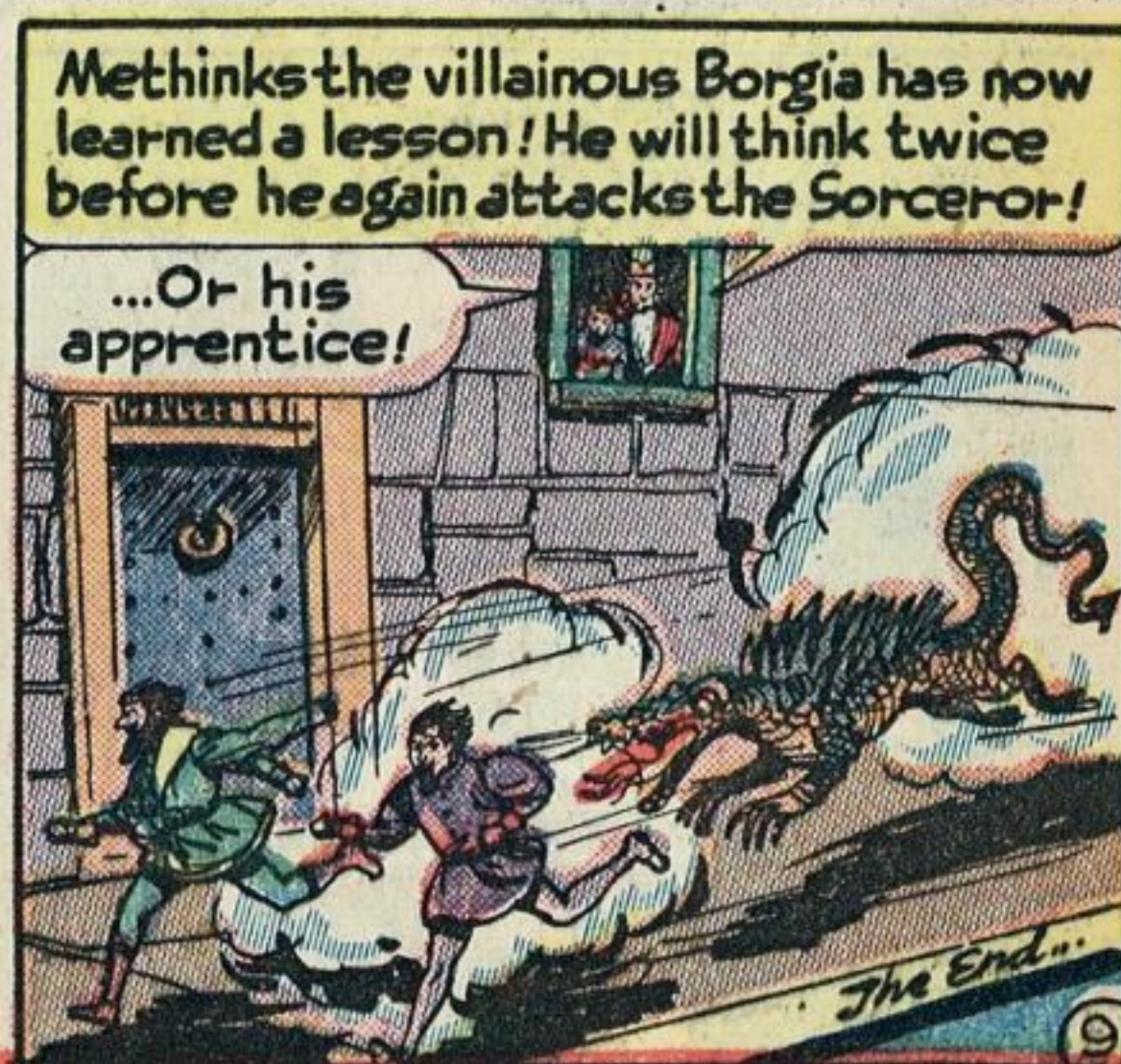
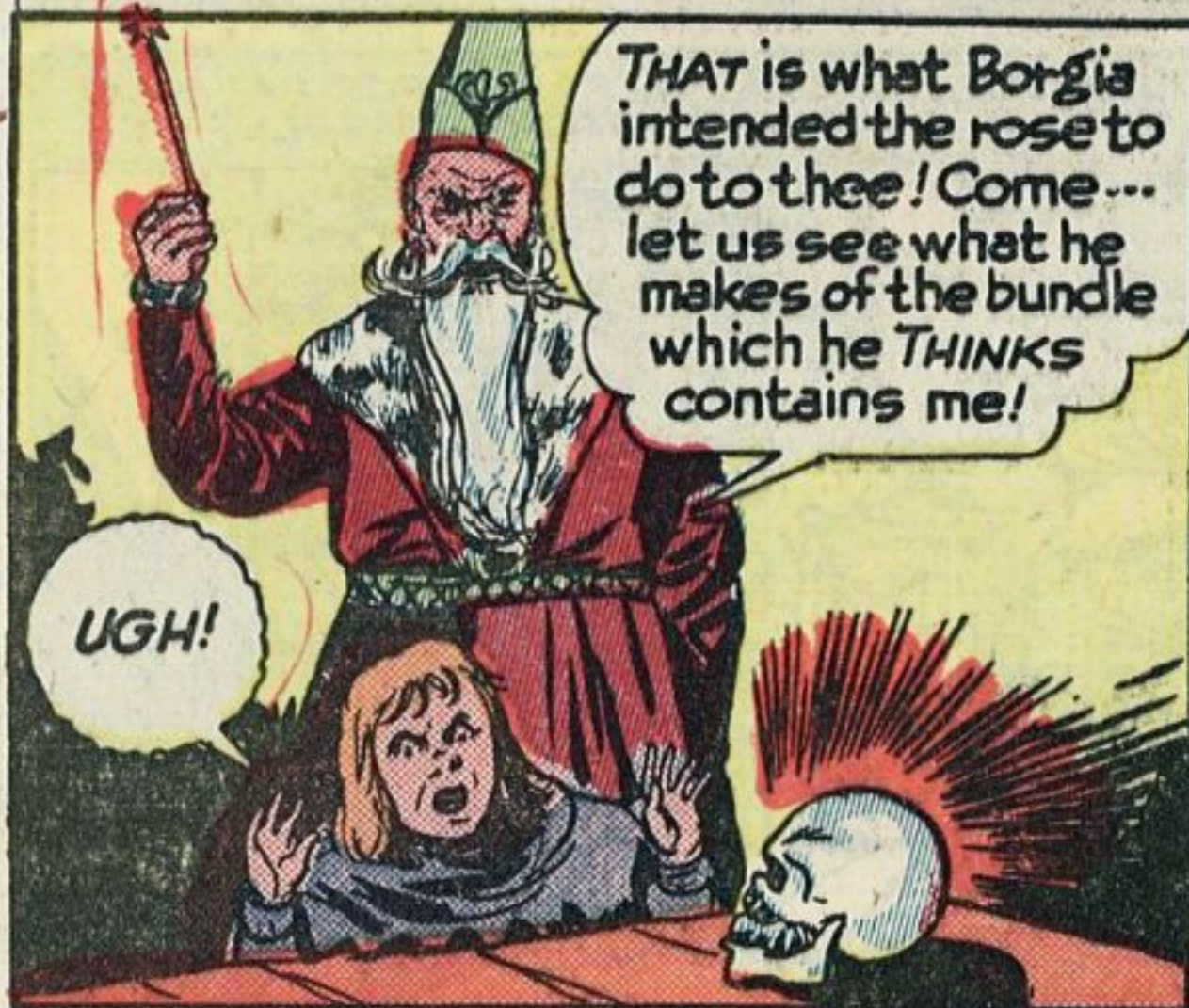
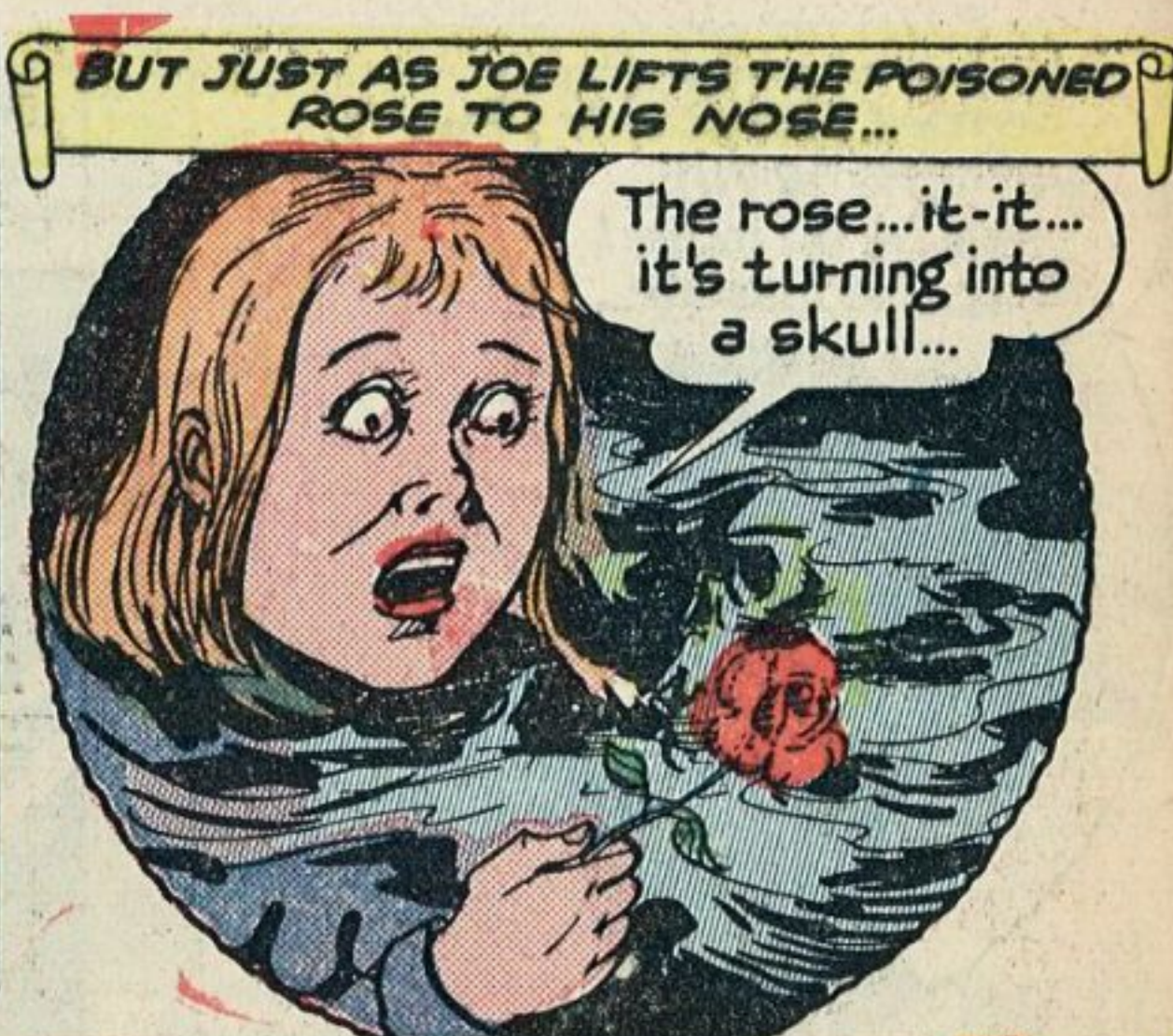
MEANWHILE, BORGIA PREPARES FOR HIS NEXT VICTIM...THE SORCEROR HIMSELF!



Now truly...vengeance is mine!



Ah! Now...into the canal with this Refuse!



"I'M AFRAID THAT NEW SALESMAN WON'T DO - HE DOES THAT EVERY TIME A CUSTOMER ASKS FOR A PAIR OF SOCKS!"

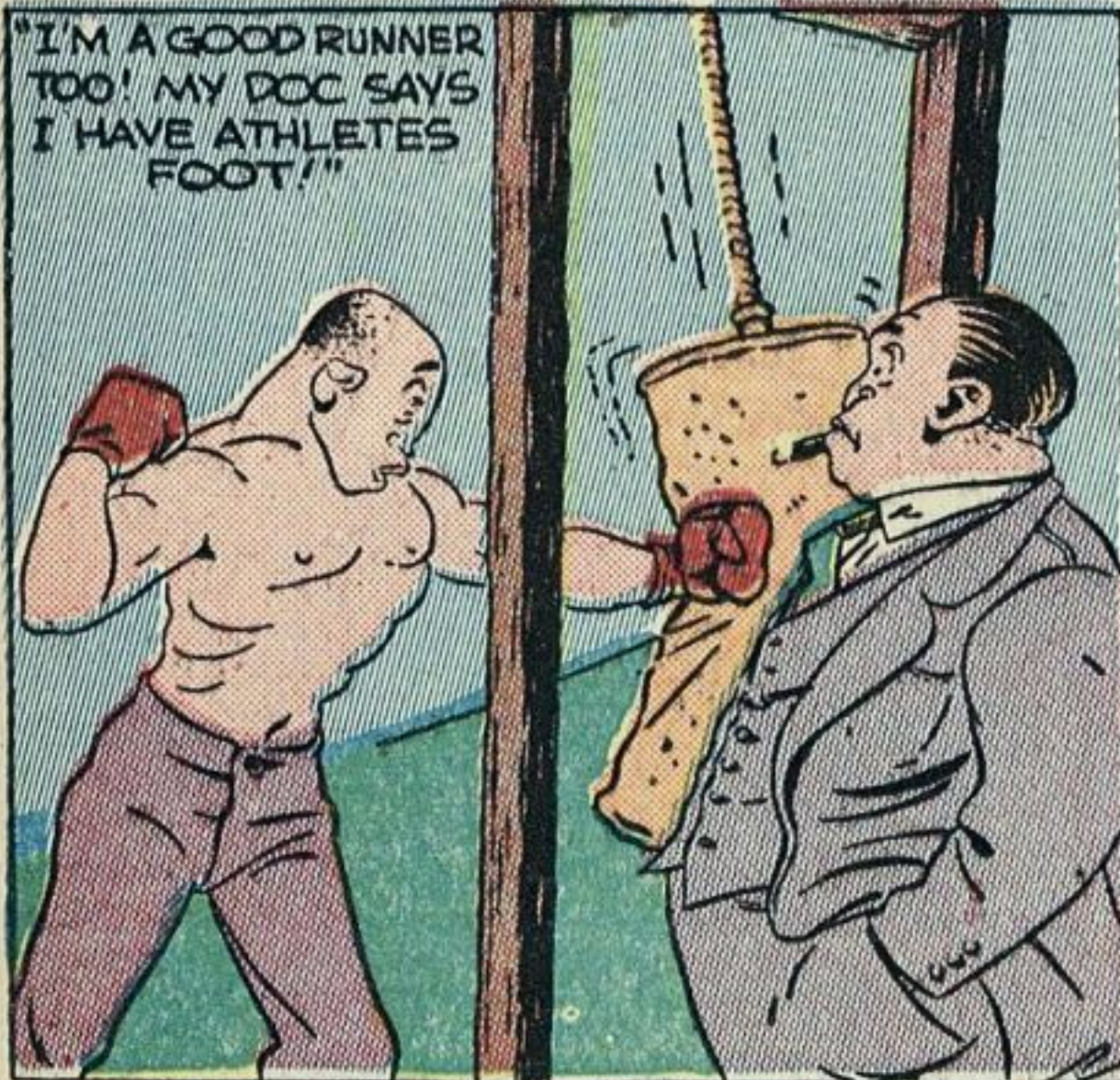


GAG

PARADE

JERRY SCHIANO

"I'M A GOOD RUNNER TOO! MY DOC SAYS I HAVE ATHLETES FOOT!"



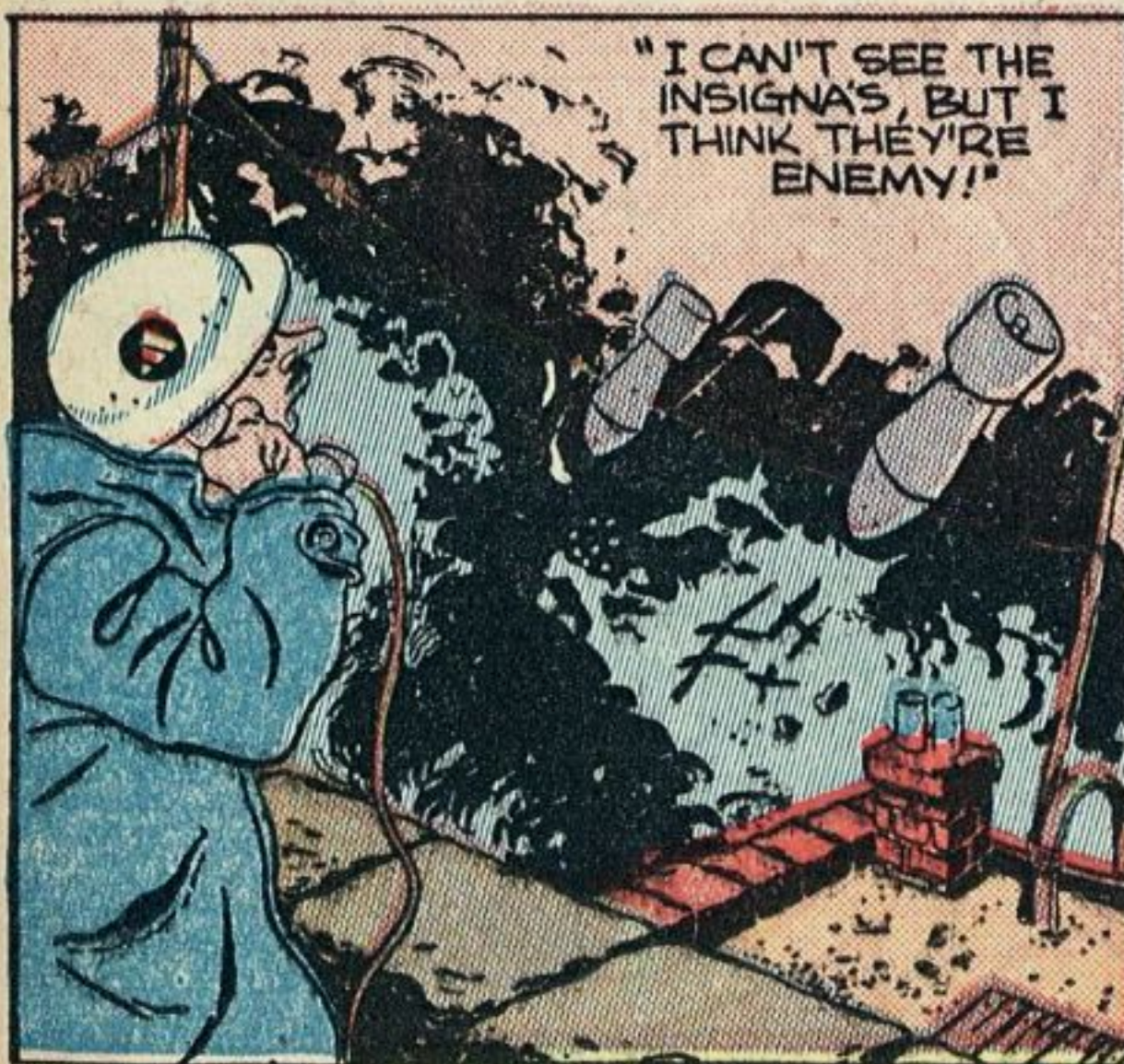
fantastic
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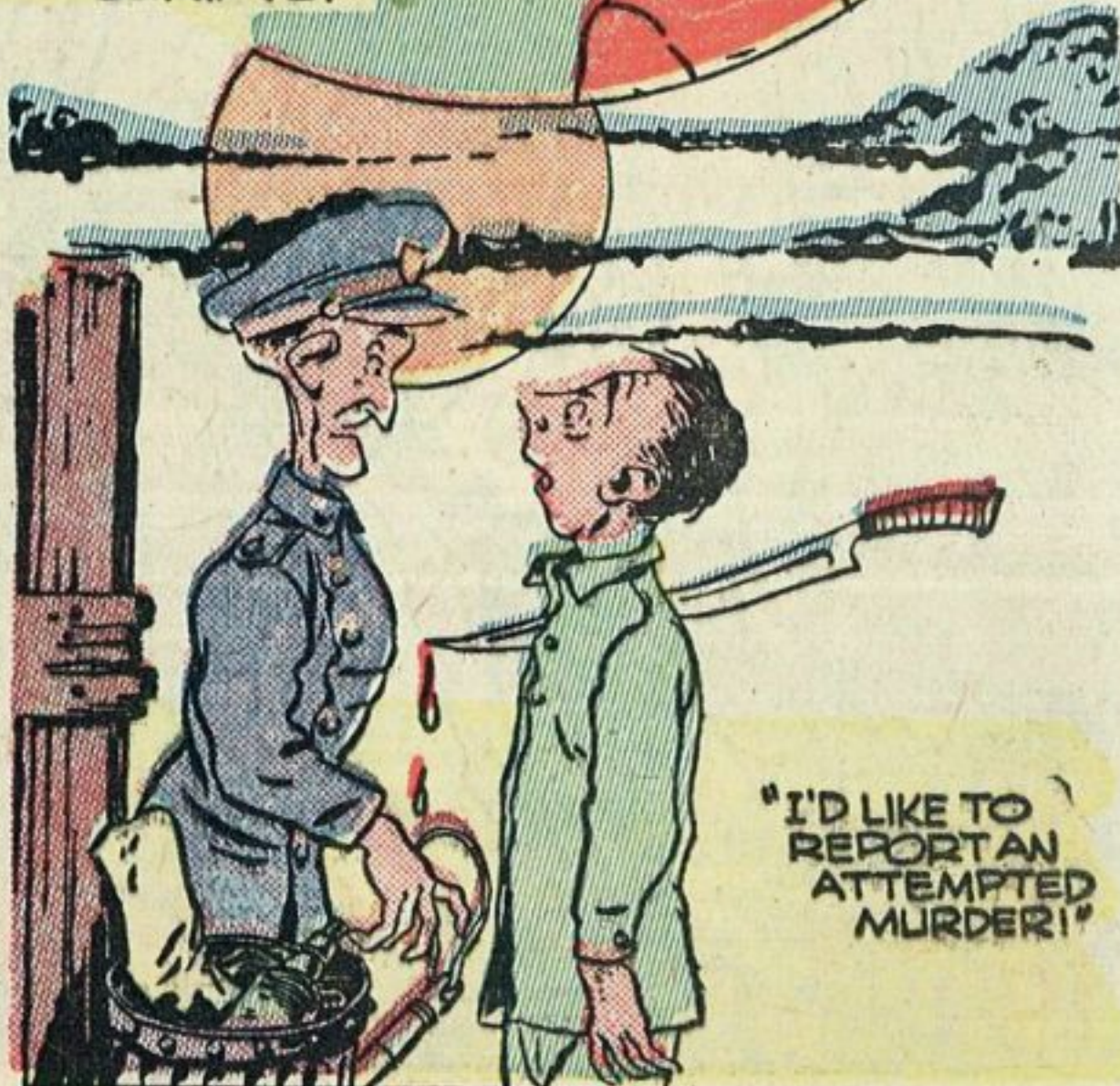
"ALL I KNOW IS THAT HE COMES HERE TO HAND IN MANU-SCRIPTS!"



"I CAN'T SEE THE INSIGNA'S, BUT I THINK THEY'RE ENEMY!"



"I'D LIKE TO REPORT AN ATTEMPTED MURDER!"



Sgt. STRONG



SARGE AND ANGEL, OUR TWO LEATHERNECK DEVIL-MAY-CARE RANGERS, EMBARK ON ANOTHER WILD ADVENTURE IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC—ONE WHICH NEARLY COSTS THEM THEIR LIVES AND THE LIVES OF COUNTLESS MARINES IN

"DEVIL DOG MISSION"

GOL. BLAKE'S OFFICE...

YOU TWO MEN HAVE BEEN CALLED UPON FOR SPECIAL DETAIL...

FOR THE FIRST TIME WE'VE GOT A CHANCE TO GET THE JAPS IN THE MIDDLE. OUR REPLACEMENTS ARE LAND-
ING BEHIND THEIR LINES. IF YOU MEN GET THESE PLANS TO THEM, WE CAN WIPE THEM OFF THE ISLAND. CAN YOU DO IT?



OF COURSE THEY'LL DO IT.... THEY'RE MARINES! AND SO, MINUTES LATER...

NICE EASY JOBS THE OLD MAN GIVES US! ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS CUT CLEAR THROUGH THE NIPS' ENCAMPMENT TO DELIVER THESE PLANS. THAT'S ALL!



SUDDENLY...

HOLY COW! SARGE, LOOK ...NIPS!

OH, BROTHER! QUICK, GET BEHIND SOME COVER!



ANGEL!

UGH!



YOU DIRTY RATS!



COUGH! I--I'M OKAY... SARGE, HE ONLY NICKED ME..IN THE HIP... YA GOTTA GO ON WITHOUT ME!

O...OKAY, KID, I'LL GO!



TAKE IT EASY, AND USE THE TOMMY GUN ON ANYTHING THAT HAS SLANT EYES. I'LL BE BACK FOR YOU AS SOON AS I CAN. S'LONG!



IN A SHORT TIME, SARGE FINDS HIMSELF IN THE MIDDLE OF A NATIVE VILLAGE..

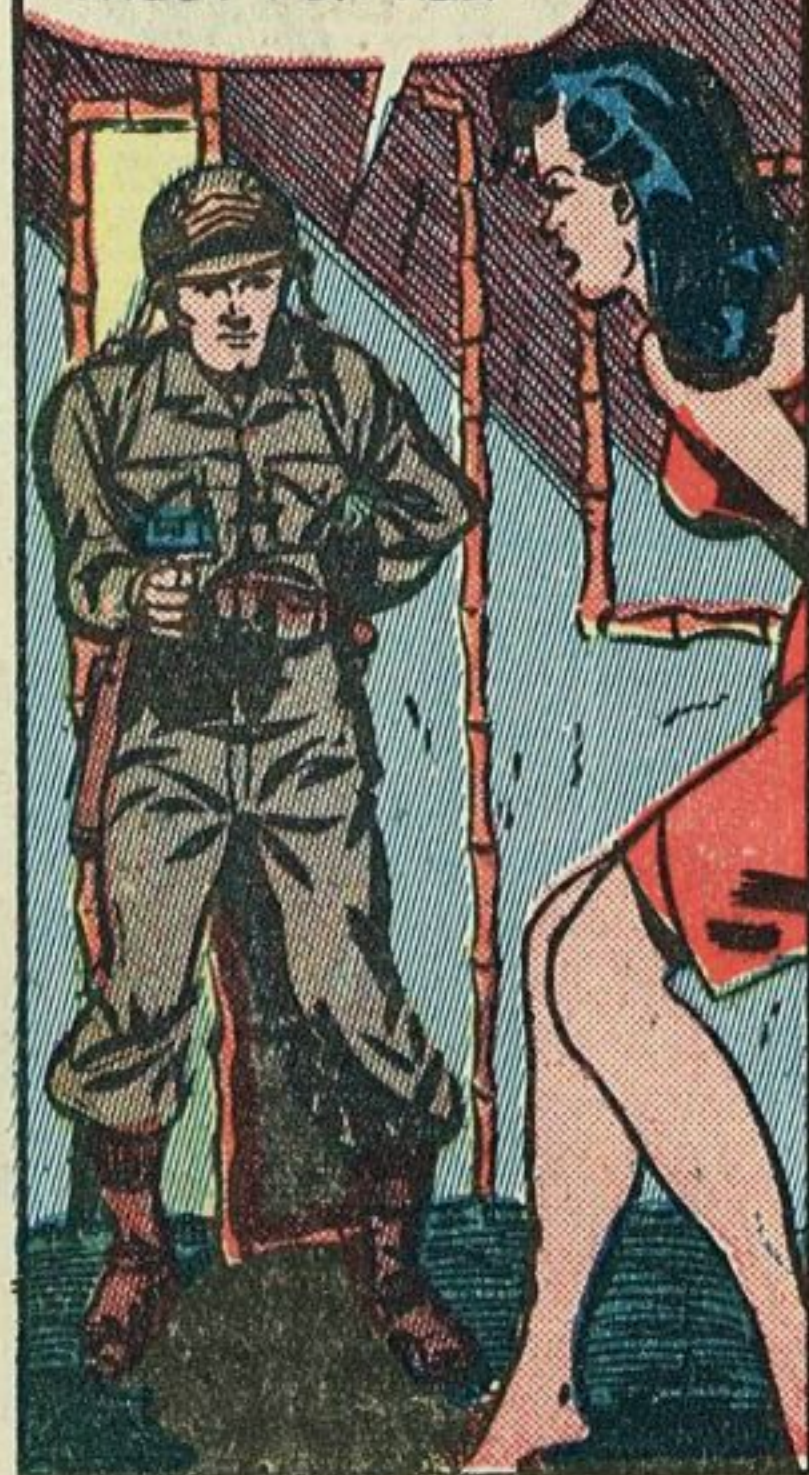


YIPE! A NIP! THIS MUST BE THEIR HEAD-QUARTERS!

I'VE GOT TO CATCH A BREATH. I'LL DUCK INTO THIS SHACK!



SORRY TO BARGE IN ON YOU LIKE THIS, MISS. BUT I NEED THIS PLACE FOR A WHILE. AND I WOULDN'T ADVISE YOU TO SHOUT FOR HELP!



I NO SHOUT, AMERICAN! QUICK---HIDE! JAPANESE SOLDIERS COME!

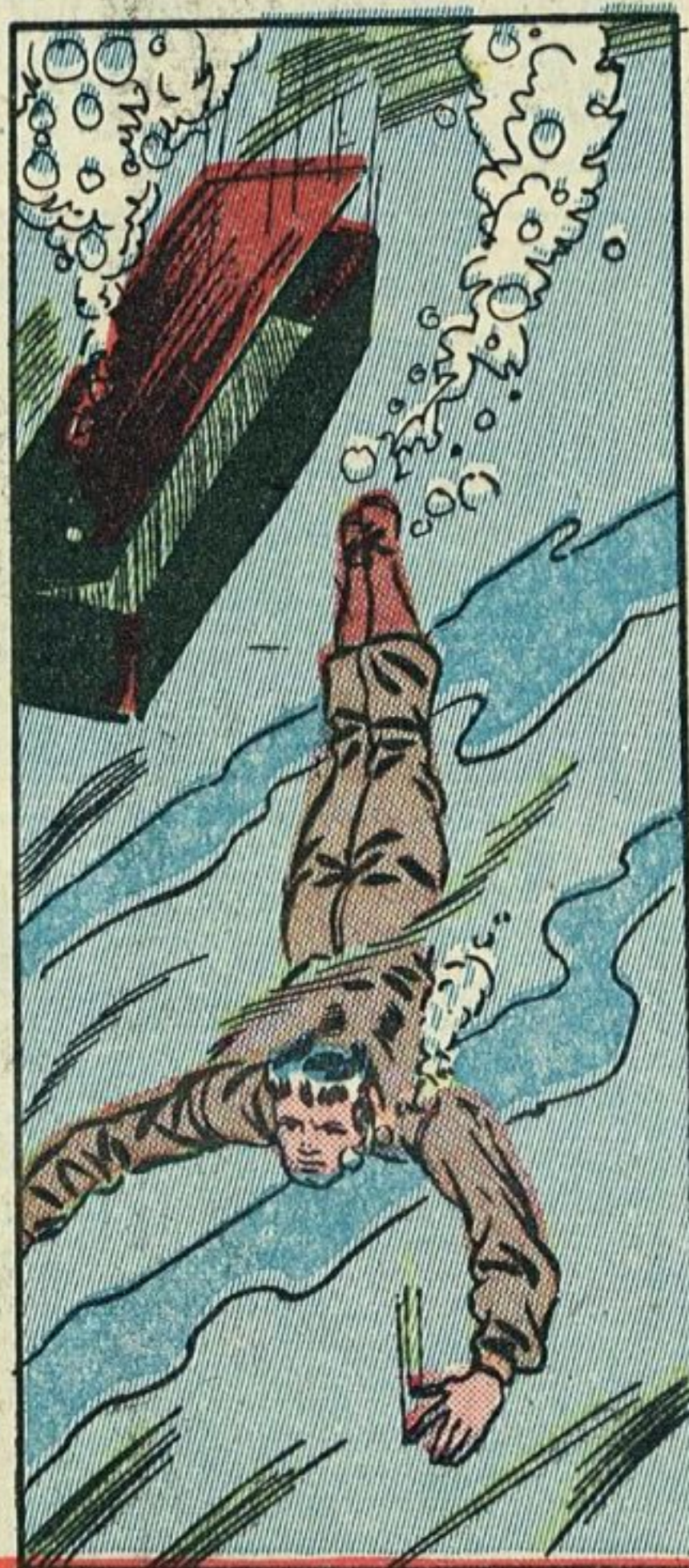
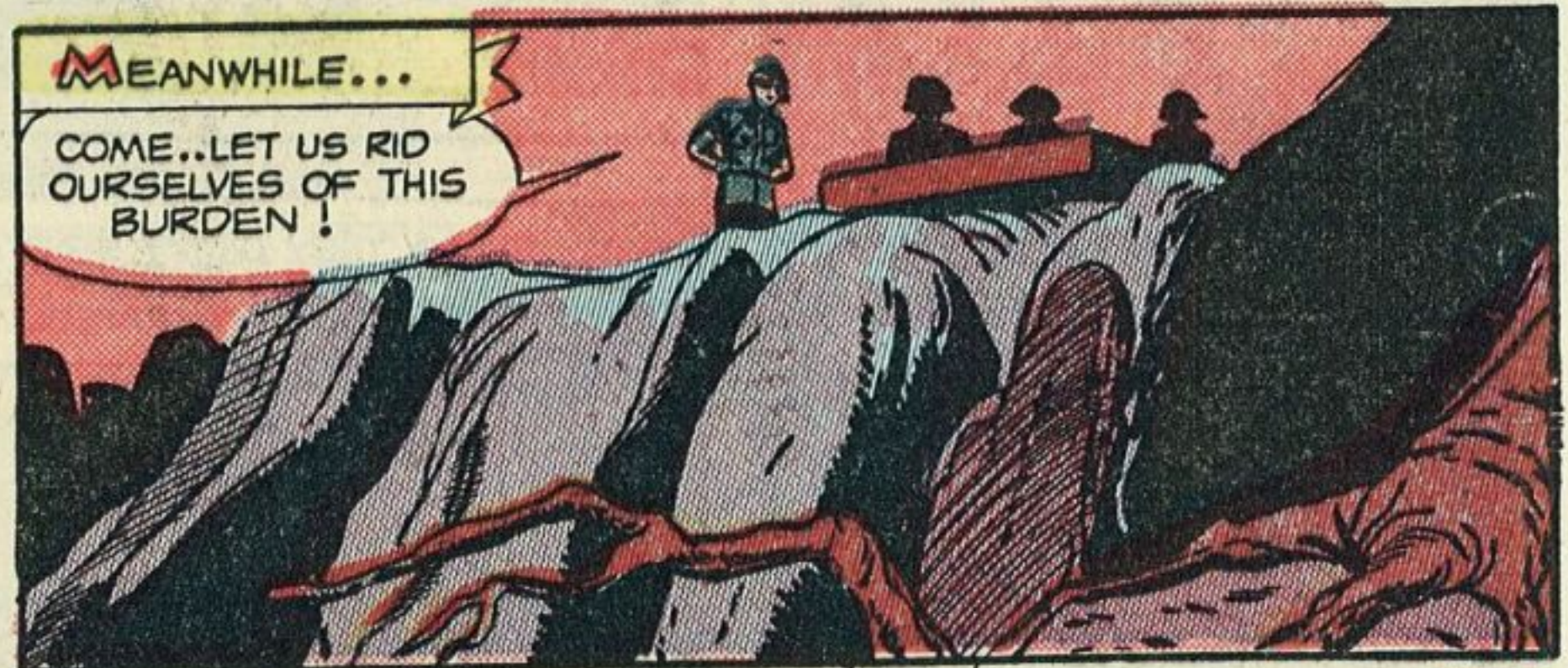
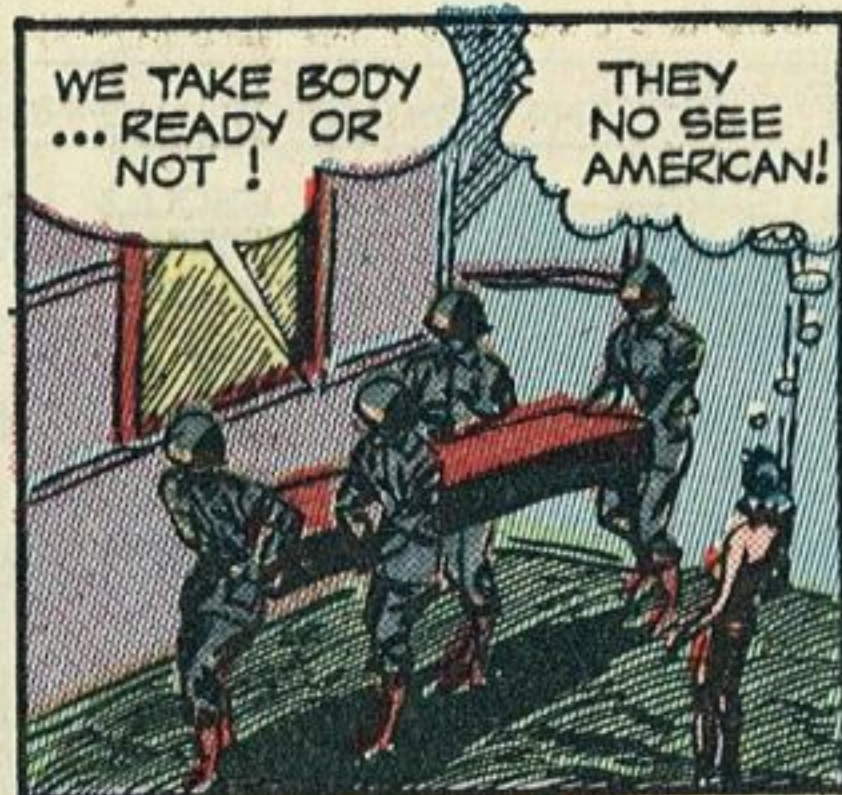


OKAY, BABE. I SEE I HAVE NO CHOICE, BUT ANY FUNNY MOVES, AND K-K-K-K-K!

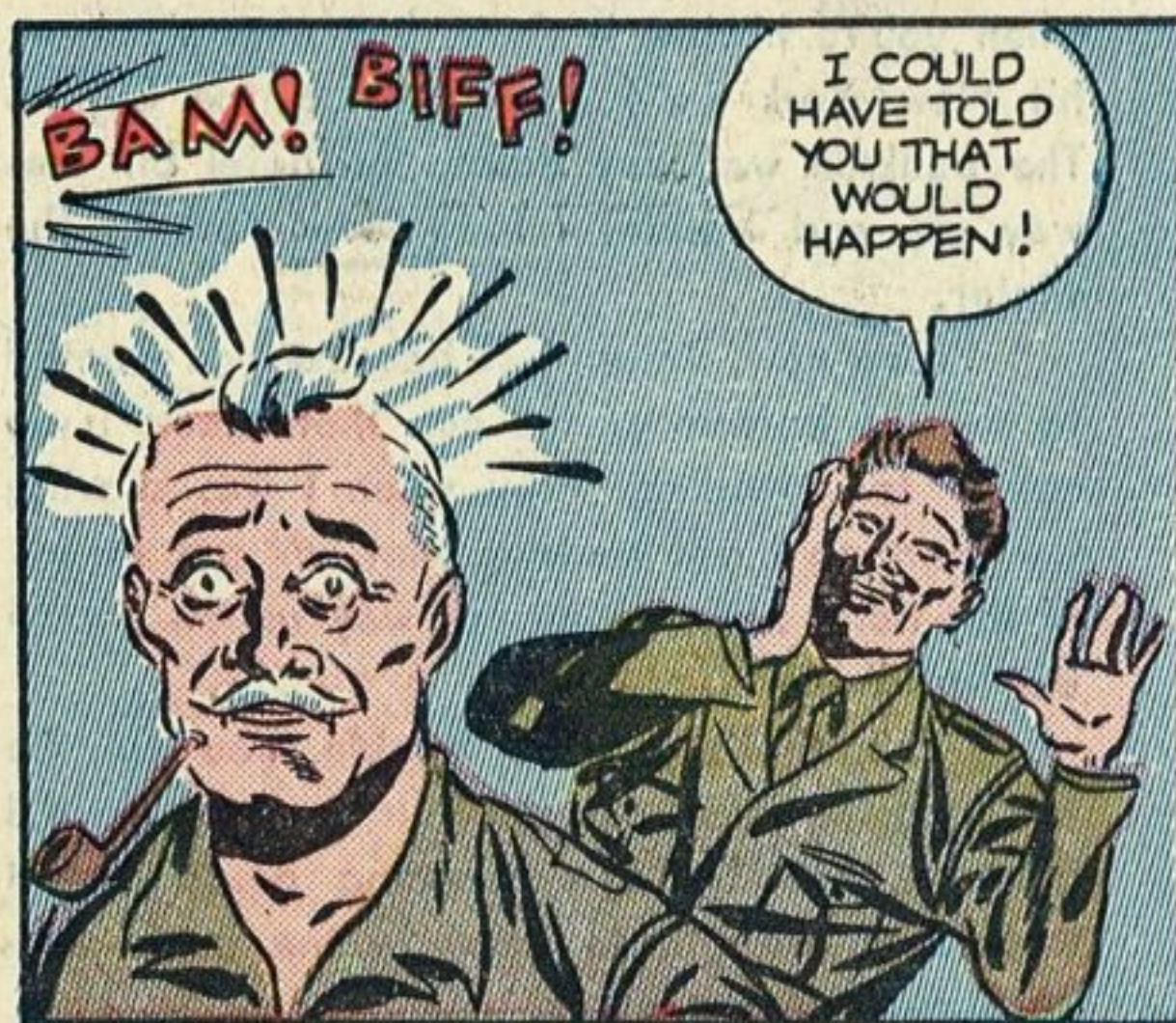
WELL, FOOL, IS YOUR MOTHER'S BODY READY FOR BURIAL?



ER...NO. IT IS NOT READY YET!







PASSING THE BUCK

By BRUCE ELLIOTT

Well, well, good morning Jason my good fellow, a beautiful day to be up and doing it is." This boomed out in an orotund baritone.

"Look Artie, my name ain't Jason, I ain't your good fellow, an' it's a rotten day."

This 'get-rich-quick Wallingford' stuff is oke when you're hitting it right, but ever since we hit New York we'd been getting the bumps. The bankroll was way down, the hotel bill was way up, and besides I hate New York in the winter.

"Now now, Jason, just because you wanted to see the bottom of the cup that cheers is no reason for growling. Why when I was shaving this morning I got an idea that will get us out of this hotel and well on our way to the Miami Biltmore."

"Yeh, that's just the trouble, you an' the Ritz, and the Plaza, and the four hundred. If we'd gone to Ma Belling's boarding house like I wanted to we'd have been in the bucks now instead of up the creek."

"Jason! Do you doubt my ability to extricate us from our present dilemma?"

"You're doggone right I do. The last idea you had was the closest shave I ever had. Don't you know the green goods racket went out with the war?"

"Well, Jason, you must admit it had an unusual twist to it."

And with that, Arthur McElroy con-man, bookie, hot-shot, and what have you, gave a final twist to his already perfect tie and left me to worry about hotel dicks, the law and a few other pleasant thoughts.

I guess I ain't got the constitution for a con-man. A good honest stick-up or somethin' like that is oke, but skating on thin ice gets in my hair. So by the time McElroy got back I was chewin' my thumb nails.

That guy gets me down, everything's gotta be dramatic. When he comes through the door he stands still for a minute as if he was waiting for the applause to die down.

Then he pulls an eraser out of his pocket an' says—"Behold the means of our escape from durance vile!"

"Lissen Artie, if you mean that rubber is gonna get us out of this hotel you're crazy. A parachute'd be better."

"Very well then my good fellow—oh, incidentally, I hope you weren't inconvenienced by the fact that I borrowed your wallet, were you?"

"Oh no, no, you can have the whole three bucks."

"Now if you will listen closely, I'll tell you how those three dollars of yours and this eraser are going to get us to Florida."

MUCH as I hate to admit it the big boy did have an idea. The following morning I sat in a chair in the hotel lobby to watch the fireworks.

With the usual bugles blowing, etc., Artie appeared on the scene, strolled up to the cigar counter, threw down a crisp new dollar bill and picked up a Corona-Corona. He smilingly refused the change and ambled over to the paper stand, picked up an out-of-town paper and again paid for it with a new bill. Then as he drifted into the barber shop for his shave and manicure—I got to work.

I leaned on the cigar counter and said, "Listen Mac, I'm a T. man on the track of McElroy, that big guy that bought a cigar here. I've made friends with him and it's time to crack down on him. Lemme see that bill he gave you, will you?"

He got it and looked at it. I said, "Swell imitation ain't it?"

"Boy it looks okay to me. he pipes up pop-eyed.

I said, "Come on." He tagged along while I pulled the same line on the paper boy. When he got out the crisp new bill that Artie'd given him, held the two together and showed them the serial numbers which were exactly the same.

Both the cigar man and the paper boy looked stunned. One said, "Jeez, and he seemed like such a swell guy."

Just then a page boy yells out, "Mister Thorp, paging Mister Thorp!" So I said, "I been expecting a call from Washington. If I don't get back in a couple a minutes get hold of the hotel manager, show him the bills and have the house dick hold McElroy 'till I get back, will you?"

Then I high-tailed out of there and spent the next four hours biting my nails and snarling at the lions in front of the 42nd St. Library where Mc Elroy was goin' to meet me.

About four o'clock when all my nails were-gone, a taxi piled with trunks draws up in front of the library, and out bounces Mc Elroy grinning from ear to ear with his usual Corona-Corona leaving a smoke screen behind him.

He waltzes up to me and I bark, "Where in the name of Father Time have you been?"

"Why Jason, you must cut out coffee. Your nerves are all on edge."

"Stow it, will you,—how'd everything go over?"

"Well, after you left the manager, the house dick, the cigar man, the paper boy, et al, blew into the barber shop and tore the dollar bill out of that cut red headed manicurist's hand. She let out a squawk. They all told her I was a crook—showed her the serial numbers on all three bills and she darn near fainted. Ah me."

"Look, will you stop moaning and go on; and stop blowing that smoke in my face."

"Jason, your pretty pink ears should have burned all afternoon. I told them how out of the kindness of my heart I rescued you from dire poverty, made you my secretary—then changed my mind, started to bellow at them. I yelled for my lawyer, demanded that they prove the bills were phony. They sent a bell hop to the bank with one bill and the bank changed it.

Then in my most mellifluous tones I whispered to the manager of the possibility of a beautiful damage suit—suit for false arrest—defamation of character—ugly publicity for the hotel, etc. Then just when the manager was ready to cry I intimated that I might be willing to save him a lot of embarrassment. And to make a long story short he cancelled our bill, and we settled for \$500 damages. You know, Jason, it's awfully nice of the banks to give out new money with the serial numbers in rotation,

and I still think it was a swell idea of mine to erase the last number on all three bills so that they all looked alike."

"Yeh, I know, stop patting yourself on the back and tell me where you've been the rest of the afternoon."

WHY, that's most peculiar!" Mc Elroy had lost his bounce. "Just as I left the hotel, a tall, lean, masked character, handed me a slip of paper!"

Mc Elroy fumbled in his pocket and handed me a piece of paper. Written on it was: "The Bogey man will get you if you don't watch out!"

"The Bogeyman!" I grunted. "Artie, we gotta hightail outa here, that guy's poison!"

"There are antidotes for poisons!" Mc Elroy looked confident.

"Like how?" I asked.

"Like I ditched him!" Mc Elroy beamed at me through a cloud of cigar smoke. "What a chase! It took me two hours of dodging in and out of subways, hotels and what-have-you but I finally lost the Bogeyman!"

"Did you?" a lazy, suave voice cut in from nowhere. Both Art and me, we do a quick double take. There's no one in sight.

I said, "Who said that?"

Art said, "Who — what — where?"

"Relax, gentlemen," the cool voice said: "The game's over. It is, let us say, a little unlawful to deface government property. And if a dollar bill isn't government property . . ."

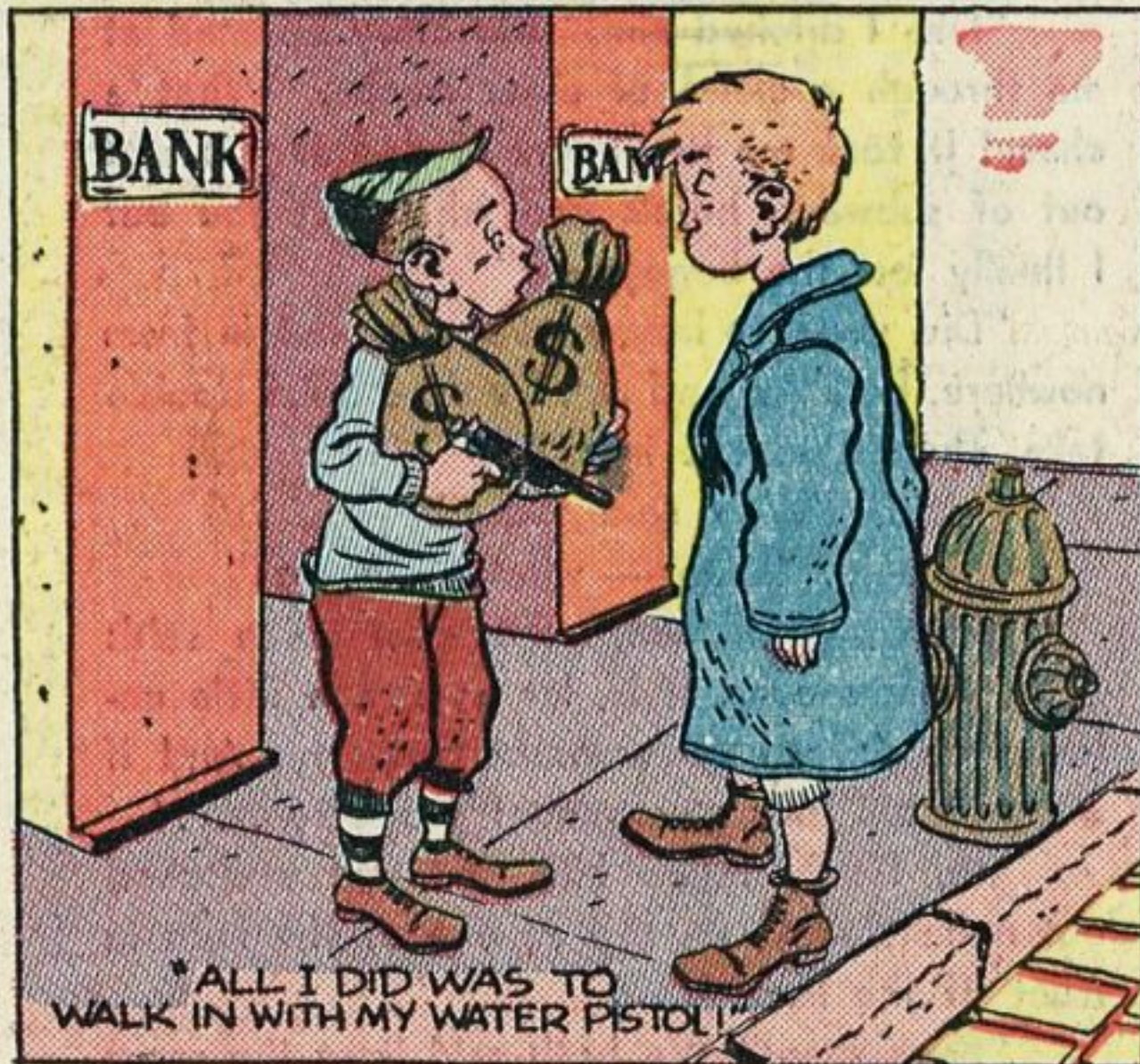
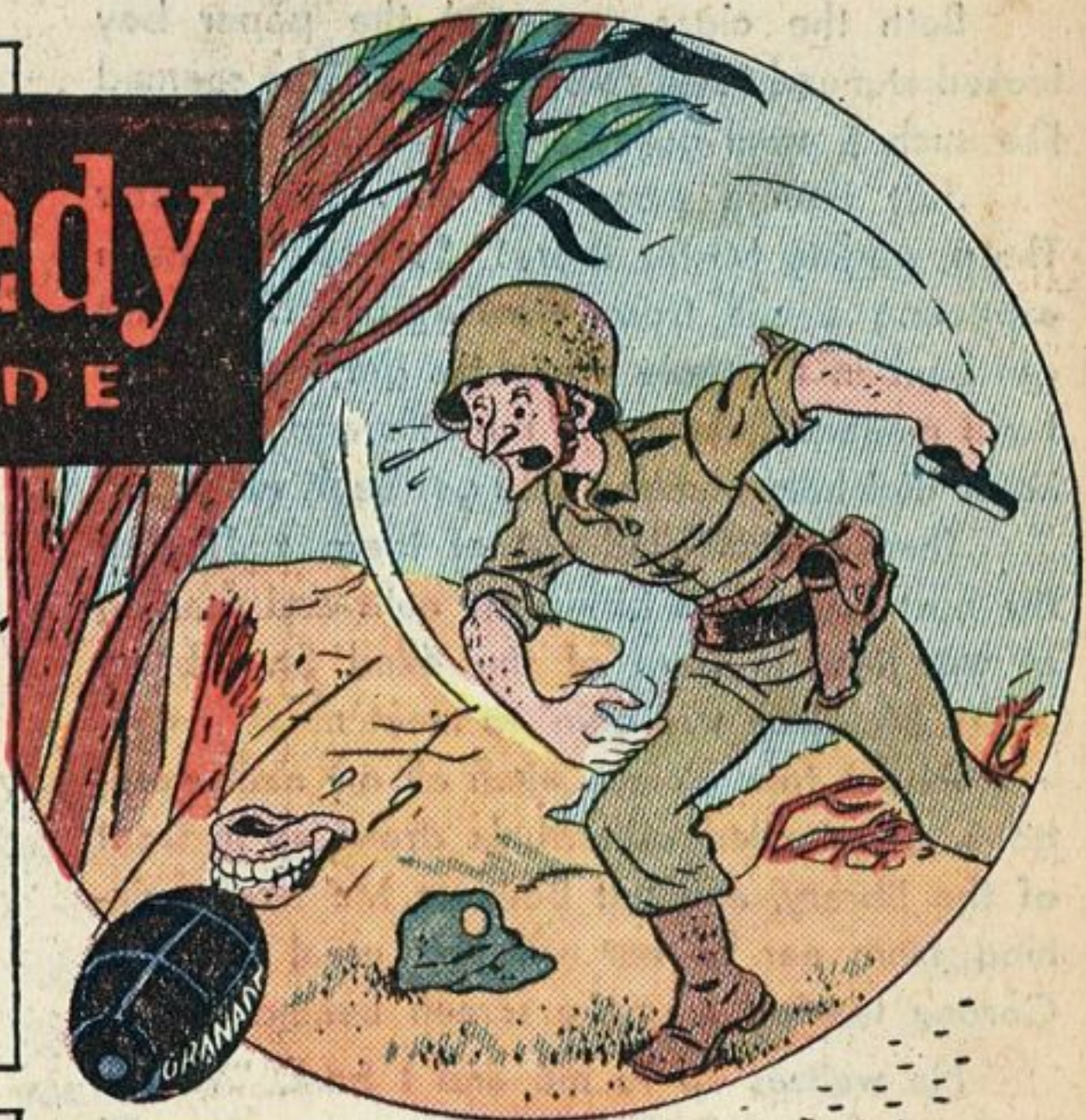
We finally found him. He was stretched out nonchalantly, on top of one of the lions in front of the library.

"Bogeyman!" We both said it at the same time.

"It was a clever con game, boys, but let's see now if you're clever enough to beat the rap." Bogeyman looked deceptively relaxed.

Artie started to run one way, I runs the other. We took maybe two steps when—it was all over. Bogeyman catapaulted off the lion and then collared the pair of us.

P. S. Bogeyman was right. It IS a crime to deface a dollar bill. Artie and me'll be out in a couple of years. Me, I know where I can get a good honest job. You don't have to hit ME on the head. I'm smart. It's smart to be honest. Now, Artie's a dope. He's figured out what HE thinks are some shrewd angles. Shrewd! He'll be back in here before his prison haircut grows out!



CAPTAIN

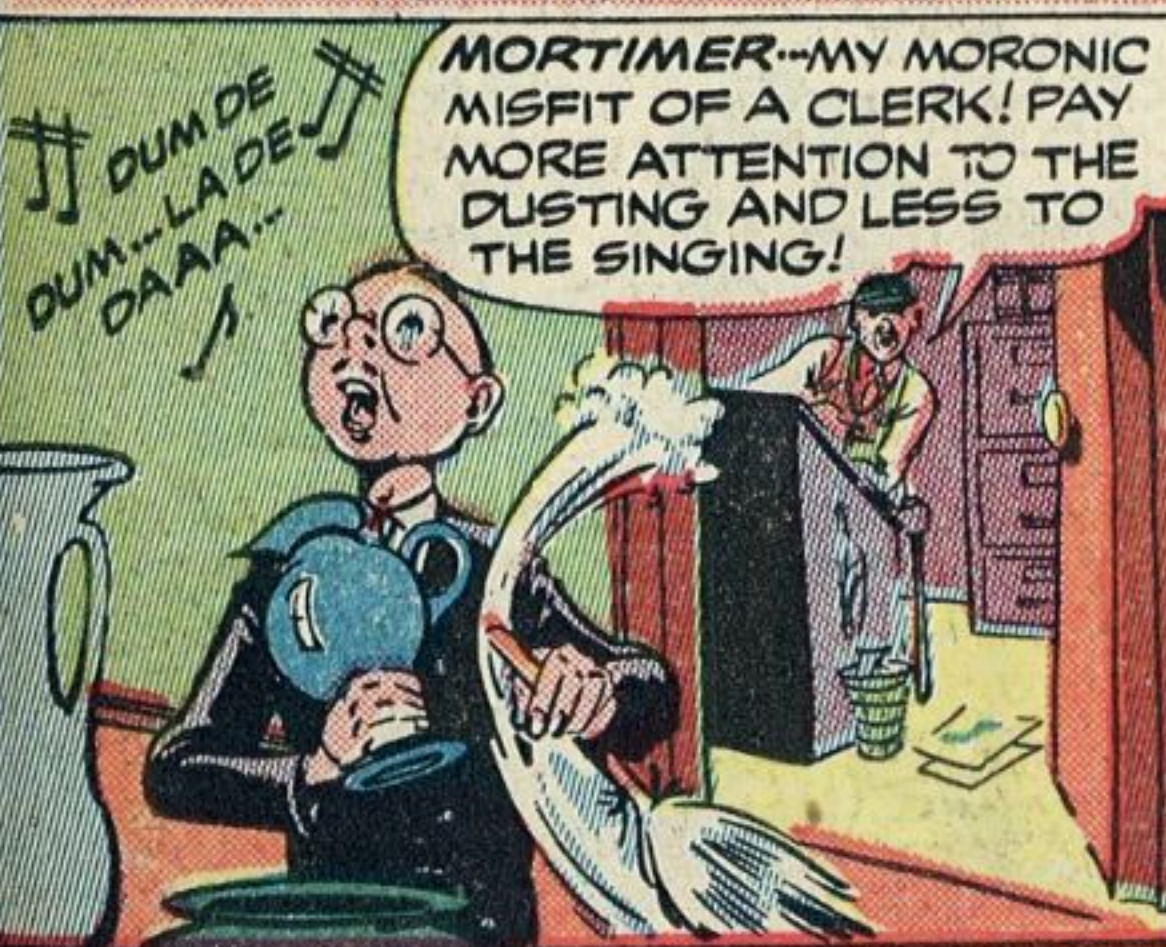
MILKSOP

RED BAND
COMICS

...TAKES GREAT PLEASURE IN PRESENTING MORTIMER X. MORTIMER... NO, WE MEAN... CAPTAIN MILKSOP... THE GRADE-A... SOUR MILK... SAP... NO, WE MEAN... HERO! BY DAY HE'S MORTIMER... NO... WE MEAN... CAPTAIN... NO, WE MEAN... AW, SHUCKS! READ ON AND SEE WHAT WE MEAN!



THIS STARTED OUT AS AN ORDINARY DAY IN THE DULL LIFE OF MORTIMER X. MORTIMER...



MORTIMER--MY MORONIC MISFIT OF A CLERK! PAY MORE ATTENTION TO THE DUSTING AND LESS TO THE SINGING!

DUM DE
DUM...LA DE...
DAAA...

DID WE SAY DULL? WELL... NOT EXACTLY!

GOSH AND GOLLY! I DID IT AGAIN!

AHA! I KNEW IT!! THAT WILL COST YOU \$5.25, MORTIMER... WHICH MAKES \$9.03 YOU OWE ME ON THIS WEEK'S WAGES!



CRASH!



GOSH AND GOLLY---
IF THEY KILL ME, I
WON'T BE ABLE TO PAY
MR. PLOYER THE
SALARY I OWE HIM!
WOE IS ME!



JUST THEN, BY
MERE CHANCE,
OR SOMETHING...
A COPY OF
RED BAND
COMICS FLIES
IN THROUGH
THE WINDOW...

GOSH! WHY CAN'T
I BE LIKE
BOGEY MAN...



...AND RESTS
ITSELF
DIRECTLY
BEHIND
MORTIMER!

OR SGT.
STRONG!



THEN... A GUST
OF WIND BLOWS
INSIDE THE
ROOM AND
GENTLY FLIPS
THE PAGES OF
THE BOOK...

...OR THE
SORCERER!



...AND RIGHT OFF
THE PAGES COME
THE HARDIEST
HEROES IN ALL
THE WORLD...

SURE IS CROWDED
IN THERE... AND
THAT INK... I
OUGHT TO SUE THE
PRINTER!



POOR MORTIMER!
I WISH THERE WAS
A WAY WE COULD
HELP---

THERE IS A WAY,
BOGEY MAN!



THEN
SPILL IT,
SORCERER!

BY SPECIAL PERMISSION OF
OUR COPYRIGHT OWNERS, WE
CAN GIVE THIS MORTIMER,
ONE... *JUST ONE* OF OUR POW-
ERS! WITH THEM ALL... HE'LL
BE ABLE TO GET HIMSELF
OUT OF ANY TROUBLE!



I'LL GIVE HIM
MY POWERS OF
DETECTION...

--AND I...
MY POWER
OF MAGIC!

THIS IS WON-
DERFUL!
I'LL GIVE
HIM MY POW-
ER OF EVIL!

NO, YOU
DON'T
SATANAS!

...AND FROM ME...
MY POWER OF
GOOD LUCK!



MORTIMER...
MORTIMER...
LISTEN TO ME...

BEAT IT!! STAY ON
YOUR SIDE OF THE
BOOK AND NEVER
DARKEN THESE
PAGES AGAIN!



GOSH AND GOLLY!
IT'S JOE DJERK, THE
APPRENTICE!! HAVE
YOU BEEN KID-
NAPPED, TOO?

NO, MORTIMER
...I'VE BEEN
SENT BY
**RED BAND
HEROES, INC.**
TO HELP YOU...
LISTEN
CAREFULLY...

BY RUBBING THIS BOOK ON TOP OF YOUR HEAD
'ROUND AND 'ROUND, AND BY SAYING THE MAGIC
PHRASE...**RED BAND COMICS**...YOU WILL BECOME
A GREATER HERO THAN US ALL...AND BY RE-
PEATING THIS ACTION, YOU WILL RETURN TO YOUR
NORMAL, **DUMB SELF!** TAKE THESE POWERS
AND USE THEM WISELY, MORTIMER!

WE HEREBY NAME YOU---
CAPTAIN MILKSOP!! NOW
I MUST LEAVE...I'VE GOT A
DATE WITH A STORY!

THANKS,
JOE DJERK!
I SURE
APPRECIATE
THIS! GOLLY...
I-I'M A
CAPTAIN!!

GOSH, IF THIS WORKS--THINK
OF ALL THE MONEY I CAN MAKE
BEING A HERO! I BET I COULD
EVEN BUY MY WAY OUT OF MR.
PLOYER'S EMPLOY! I'LL SEE
IF IT WORKS! HERE GOES---
RED BAND COMICS!

AND THAT, FRIENDS,
DOES IT! FOR THE
MAGIC INCANTATION
CHANGES MILD
MORTIMER INTO...

BAM!

SPPFFT!

...**CRIME CRUSHING
CAPTAIN MILKSOP!**

IT WORKED! I'M ON THE
CEILING! I HOPE I DON'T
HAVE TO CHANGE INTO
CAPTAIN
MILKSOP
THIS WAY
ALL THE
TIME!

**JUST THEN, OUR
VILLAINS ENTER...**

WE'D BETTER
GET RID OF...**HEY!**
HE'S NOT HERE!
HE TOOK IT ON
DE LAM!

SOMEONE
LOOKING
FOR ME?

UG!

THIS IS ME...
OR IS IT?

GRAK!



WITH VICTORY AND THE REWARD MONEY UNDER HIS BELT...OUR GALLANT HERO HASTILY RETURNS TO THE ANTIQUE SHOP...

WHEW! LOOKS LIKE I GOT HERE IN TIME! I'LL PUT THIS VASE BACK SO THAT MR. PLOYER WILL NEVER KNOW WHAT HAPPENED!

MORTIMER! ARE YOU THERE?--I HAVEN'T HEARD A THING BREAK FOR THE PAST HOUR...SO I TAKE IT YOU MUST HAVE SNEAKED OUT FOR A COKE, YOU LOAFER!



OH, GOLLY... HE MUSTN'T SEE ME IN MY COSTUME! I'D BETTER CHANGE! HERE GOES...

RED BAND COMICS!



HE SAID THE MAGIC WORDS, SO HE MUST TAKE THE CONSEQUENCES!



WHICH TRANSFERS MIGHTY MILKSOP TO MEEK MORTIMER!!

GOSH AND GOLLY...I'M ME AGAIN! AND...OOPS! THERE GOES THE VASE! WOE IS ME, AGAIN!



MORTIMER! WHAT DO I CHARGE YOU FOR THIS TIME? HEAVENS...MY MOST EXPENSIVE VASE!

OH, DEAR, THIS IS TERRIBLE! NOW I WON'T GET ANY PAY FOR A YEAR!



WELL, WELL... HERE'S SOME MONEY IN YOUR POCKET! LET'S SEE... 47... 48... 49... FIFTY DOLLARS EXACTLY! THANK YOU, MORTIMER! IF BUSINESS KEEPS UP LIKE THIS...I'LL BE A RICH MAN!

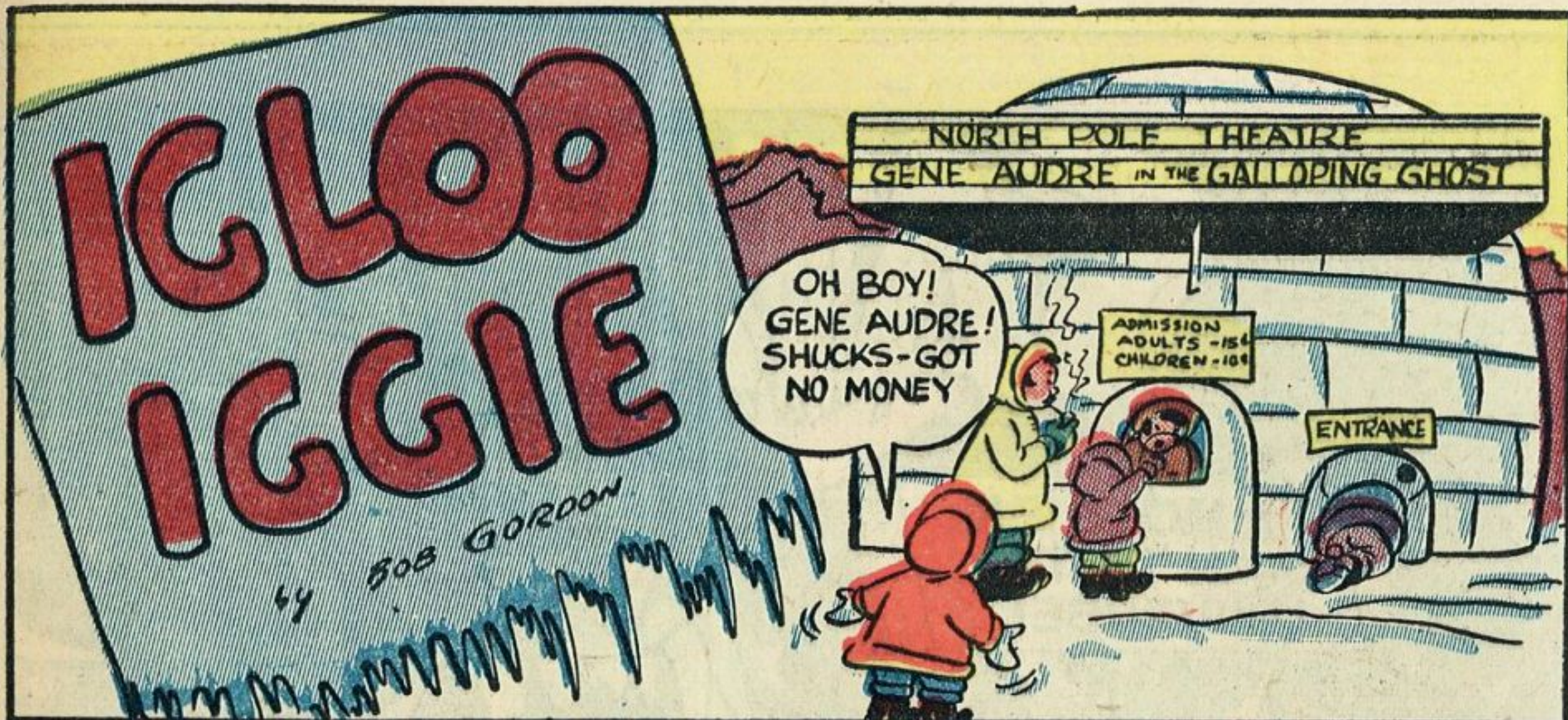


AW, WHAT'S THE USE! IT DON'T EVEN PAY TO BE CAPTAIN MILKSOP! I'LL NEVER, NEVER SAY RED BAND COM...OOPS...I'LL NEVER SAY THOSE WORDS AGAIN!



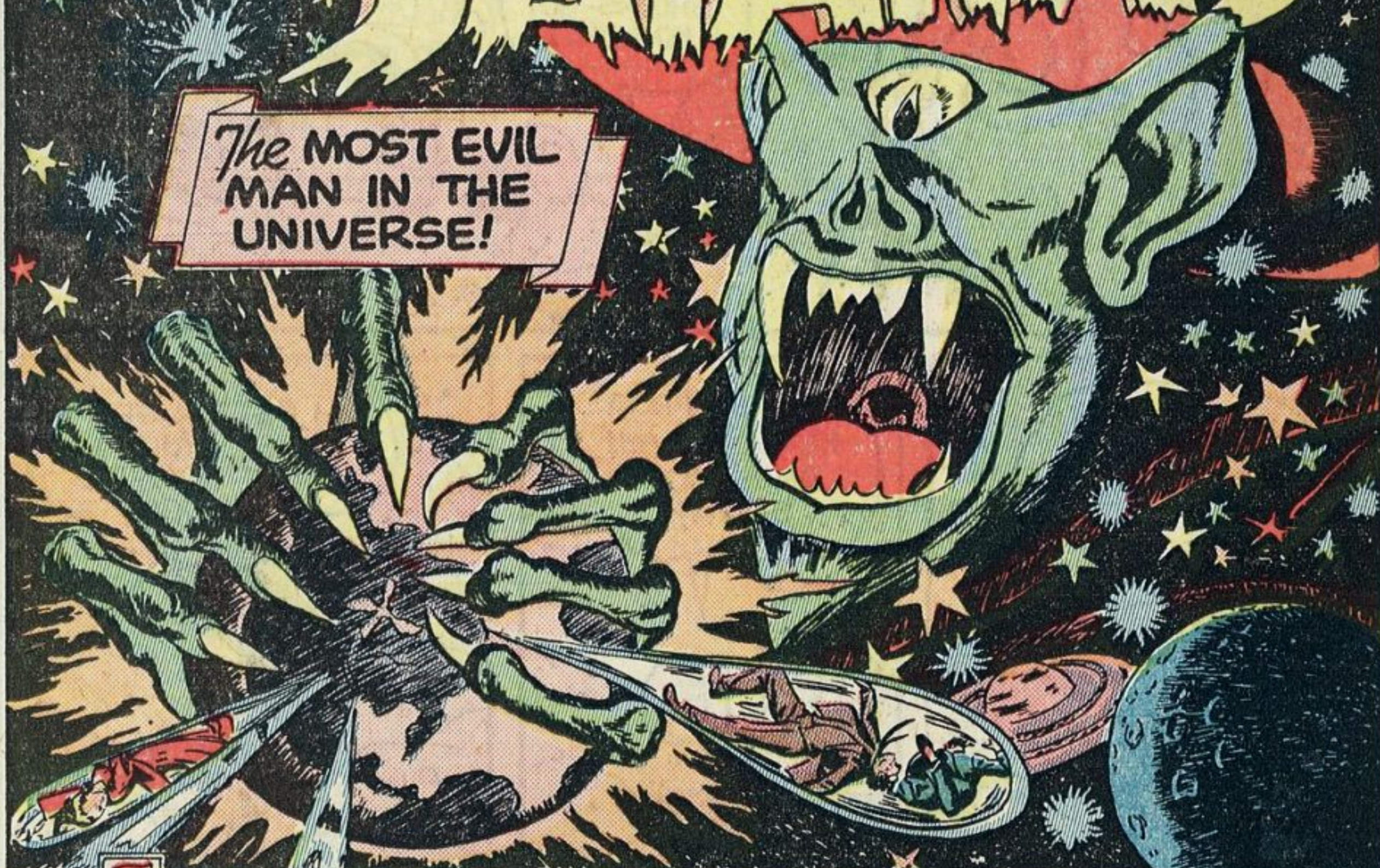
OH, YEAH?





SATANAS

The MOST EVIL
MAN IN THE
UNIVERSE!



FROM OUT OF THE FRIGHTFUL DEPTHS OF INTER-GALACTIC SPACE
COMES THE MOST FOUL PLAGUE OUR WORLD HAS EVER KNOWN!
SATANAS...CYNICAL, SNEERING, TOO EVIL FOR HIS OWN KIND...
COMES TO CONQUER OUR WORLD!

OUR STORY BEGINS A THOUSAND YEARS AGO
ON THE DREAD PLANET OF PLUTO!

WE OF PLUTO ARE NOT A
KINDLY RACE! WE MAKE
NO PRETENSE OF HONOUR,
WE HAVE NO PARTICULAR
VIRTUES...



...BUT YOU, SATANAS, HAVE GONE
TOO FAR! YOU MAKE VICE A VIR-
TUE...CRUELTY A PRACTICE...





YOU, SATANAS, HAVE BEEN FOUND GUILTY!

HO! AND WHAT POSSIBLE PUNISHMENT CAN YOU GIVE ME?



THERE IS NO KNOWN WAY TO KILL ANY OF OUR PEOPLE! NO JAIL COULD PRISON YOUR SCIENTIFIC GENIUS...

PRECISELY! WHERE DOES THIS FARCE END?



YOUR FATE AWAITS YOU THERE, SATANAS! A SPACE SHIP, ALL FOR YOU, WHERE YOU CAN WREAK NO MORE HARM!



THE ONLY JAIL THAT CAN HOLD YOU--- A ROCKET SHIP WITH NO CONTROLS! BEGONE, SATANAS!

THEN YOU'RE NOT GIVING ME MY FREEDOM!



AND SO IT WAS THAT SATANAS LEFT THE ANCIENT PLANET OF PLUTO!



LOST IN THE IMMENSITIES OF SPACE, THE SHIP RACED ON! HUNDREDS OF YEARS WENT SLOWLY BY---

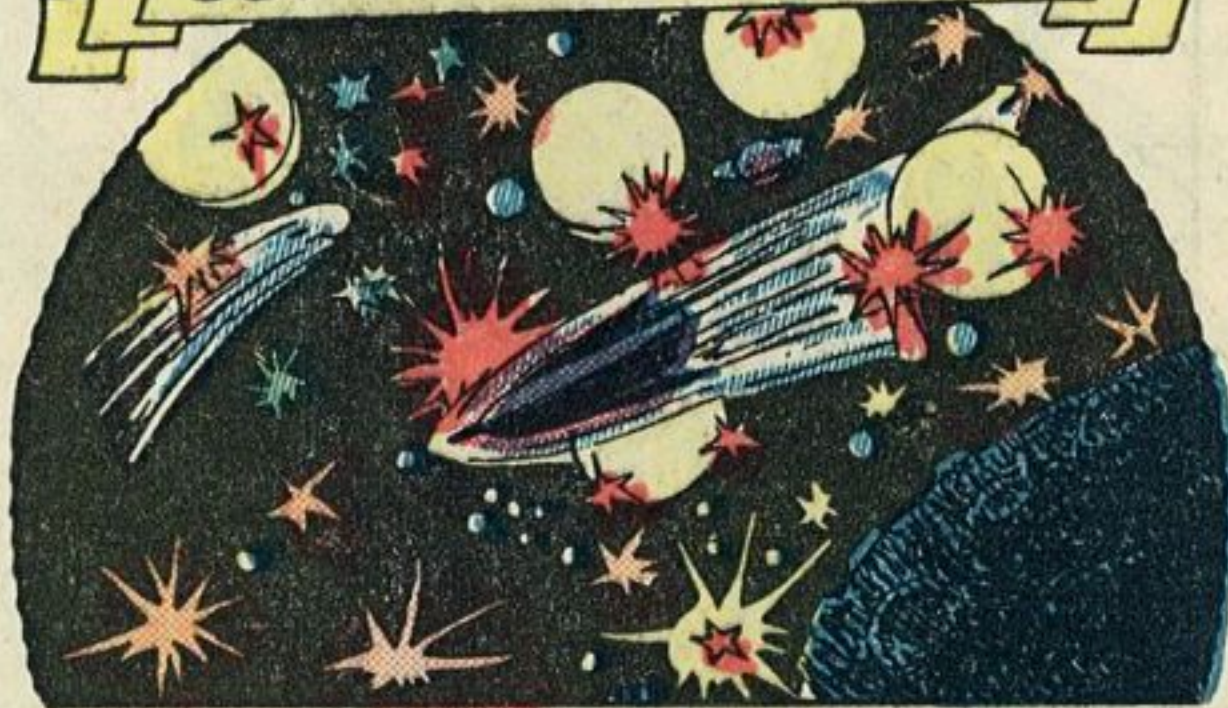
IMBECILES...TO THINK THAT ANY JAIL COULD FOREVER HOLD SATANAS! LITTLE BY LITTLE, I SHALL CONQUER THIS PRISON OF MINE!

AFTER NINE HUNDRED YEARS...

AH! THE ROCKET
HAS FINALLY FAILED!
ONLY MY MOMENTUM
KEEPS ME GOING!
NOW IS MY CHANCE!!



BUT SO VAST IS SPACE...



A PRETTY WORLD... MAYHAP A
RICH ONE! SINCE I HAVE NO HOME,
PERHAPS THIS WILL DO!



MY ATOMIC MOTOR
IS FINISHED!--NOW,
I AM THE MASTER
OF MY SHIP AND WOE
BETIDE THE FOOLS
WHO PRISONED ME!

...THAT,
FINALLY...

IT'S NO USE... I SHALL
NEVER FIND **PLUTO**! THOSE
ENDLESS YEARS, WITH NO
INSTRUMENTS TO TELL BY,
HAVE DEFEATED ME!--I
CAN'T GO BACK! BUT WAIT--
WHAT'S THIS?



A CHILDISH WORLD! WHY, THEIR
BUILDINGS ARE BUT HUTS, COM-
PARED WITH **PLUTO**! I'LL LAND
SECRETLY!



SO IT IS, THAT A SOLITARY, STRANGE FIG-
URE WALKS THE STREETS BY NIGHT...



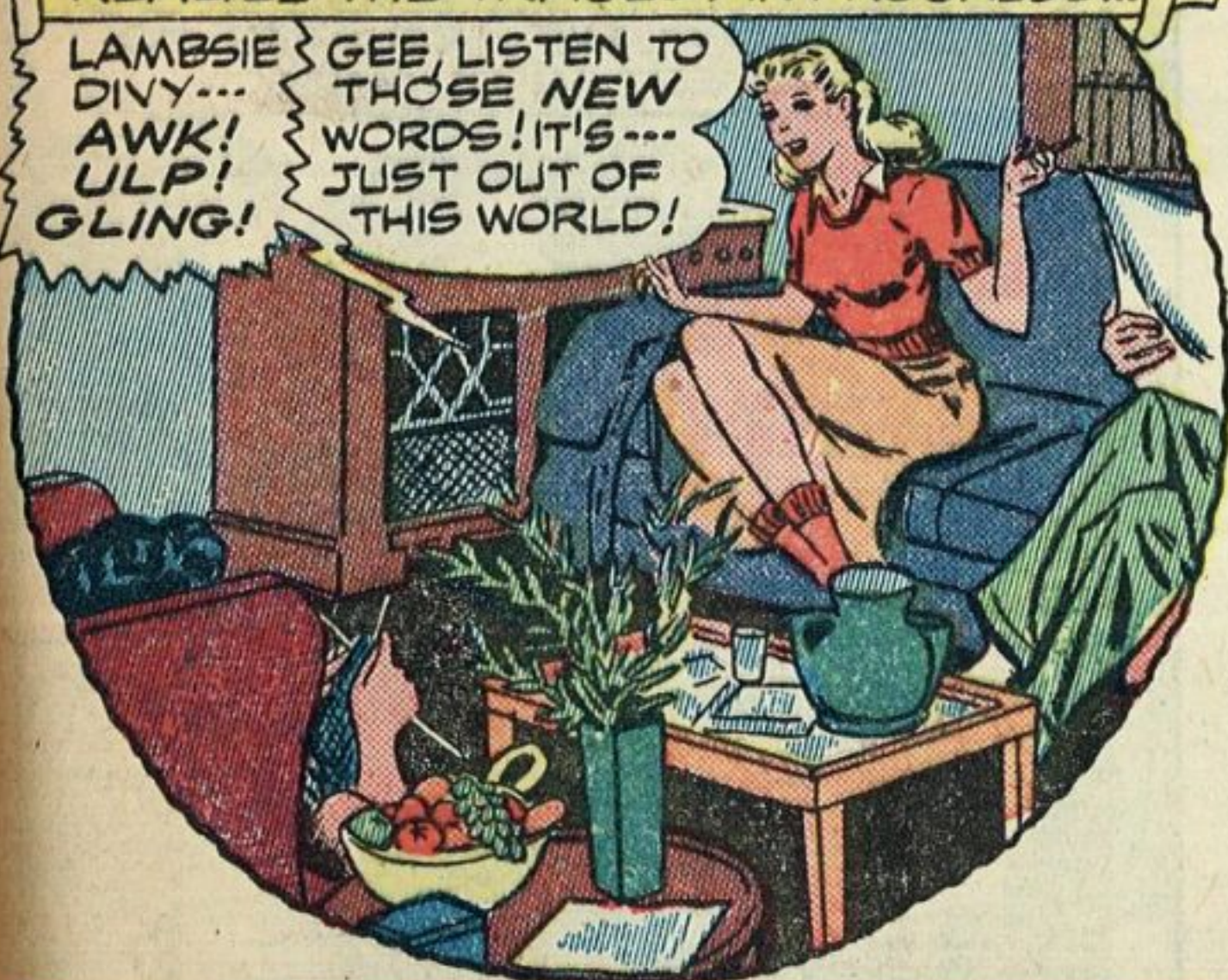
...WREAKING HAVOC WHEREVER HIS
GRIM FIGURE STALKS!



AND SOON, SATANAS HAS MASTERED
ALL THE LANGUAGES OF THE WORLD!



BUT IN HOMES ALL OVER THE WORLD,
LITTLE DOES THE RADIO AUDIENCE
REALIZE THE TRAGEDY IN PROGRESS...



BUT ABRUPTLY... A WEIRD, REAL
OUT-OF-THIS-WORLD VOICE SPEAKS!



THIS IS YOUR
MASTER, SA-
TANAS SPEAK-
ING! I SHALL
CONQUER
THE WORLD!
IN ORDER TO
DO THAT, I
SHALL NEED
MONEY!!

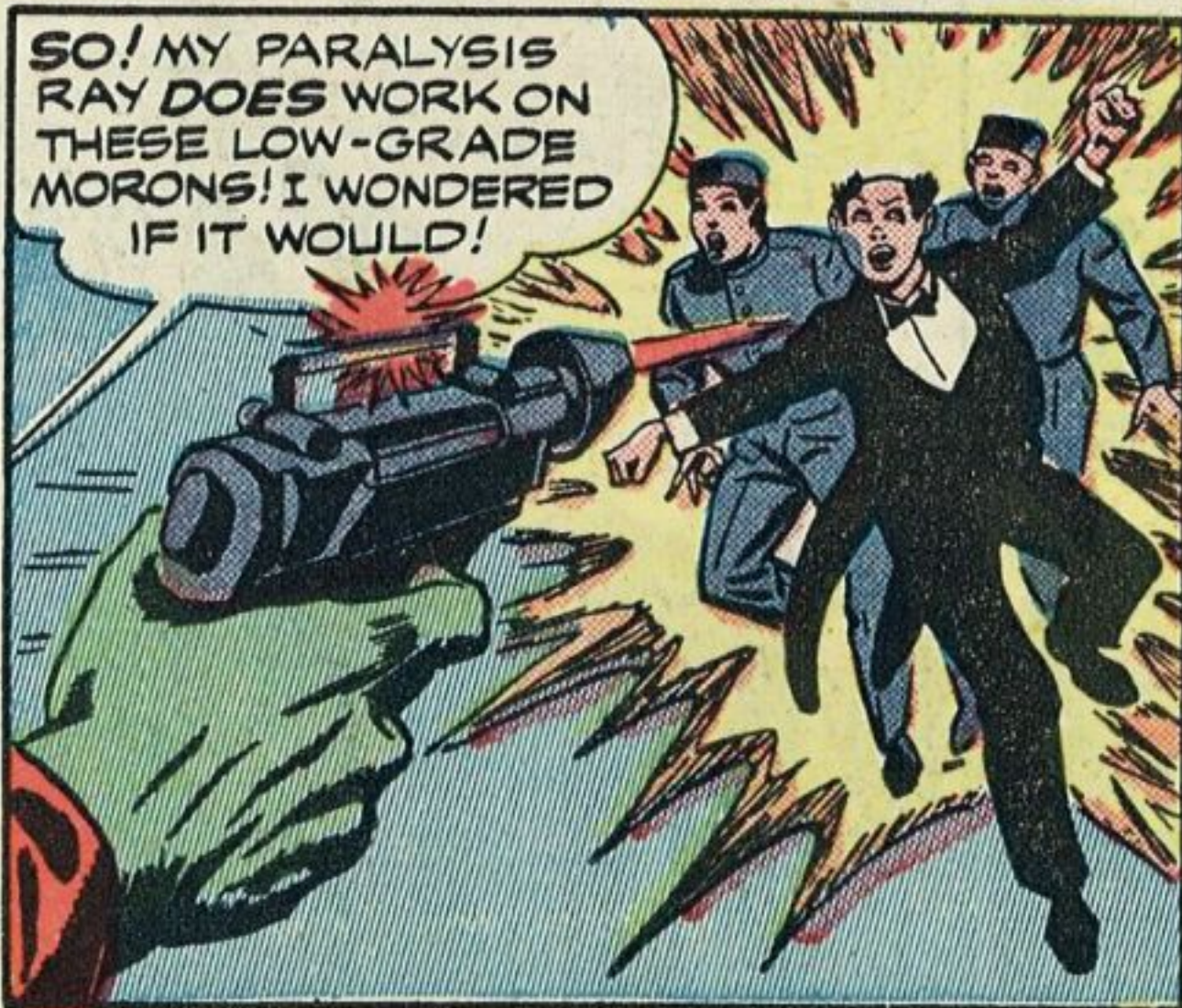
I DEMAND YOUR MONEY! THERE-
FORE, TOMORROW AT DAWN, I RAID
THE TREASURY AT FORT KNOX!
BE PREPARED... HO! HO!!



GRAB THAT MAN!!
HOW DARE HE INTERRUPT MY SWOON-
SINGER! WHAT WILL
THE SPONSOR
SAY?



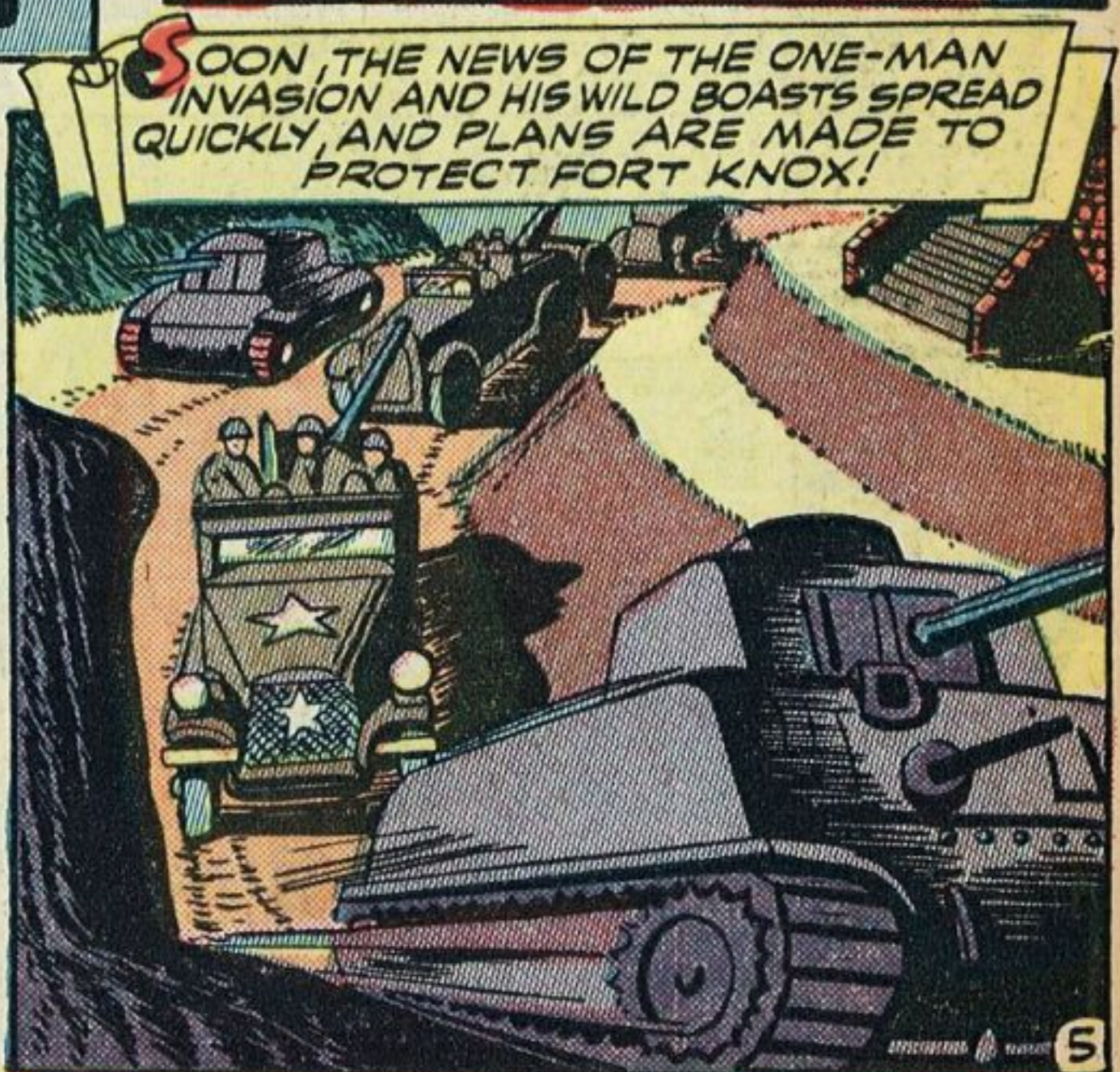
SO! MY PARALYSIS
RAY DOES WORK ON
THESE LOW-GRADE
MORONS! I WONDERED
IF IT WOULD!



WHO'S A
LOW GRADE
MOR---



SOON, THE NEWS OF THE ONE-MAN
INVASION AND HIS WILD BOASTS SPREAD
QUICKLY, AND PLANS ARE MADE TO
PROTECT FORT KNOX!



HO! A PRETTY
PUZZLE FOR THE
SO-CALLED
SCIENTIFIC
GENIUSES
HERE!



FRANTICALLY, MEN AND MACHINES LABOR THROUGH THE NIGHT UNTIL EVERY MEANS OF PROTECTION ARE COMPLETED! THEN, MORNING...

ME, I THINK THIS IS ALL SILLY! THE GOLD IS BURIED SO DEEP, THE WALLS OF THE VAULTS ARE SO THICK-- NO ONE CAN GET AT THE GOLD!

I'D AGREE WITH YOU... BUT I SAW THOSE PARALYZED MEN THAT SATANAS LEFT BEHIND HIM!



GOOD GRIEF! WHAT'S THAT THING?

I FEAR THAT THAT IS SATANAS' SHIP!



AN ILLUSION... THAT'S WHAT IT IS... A PUBLICITY STUNT!

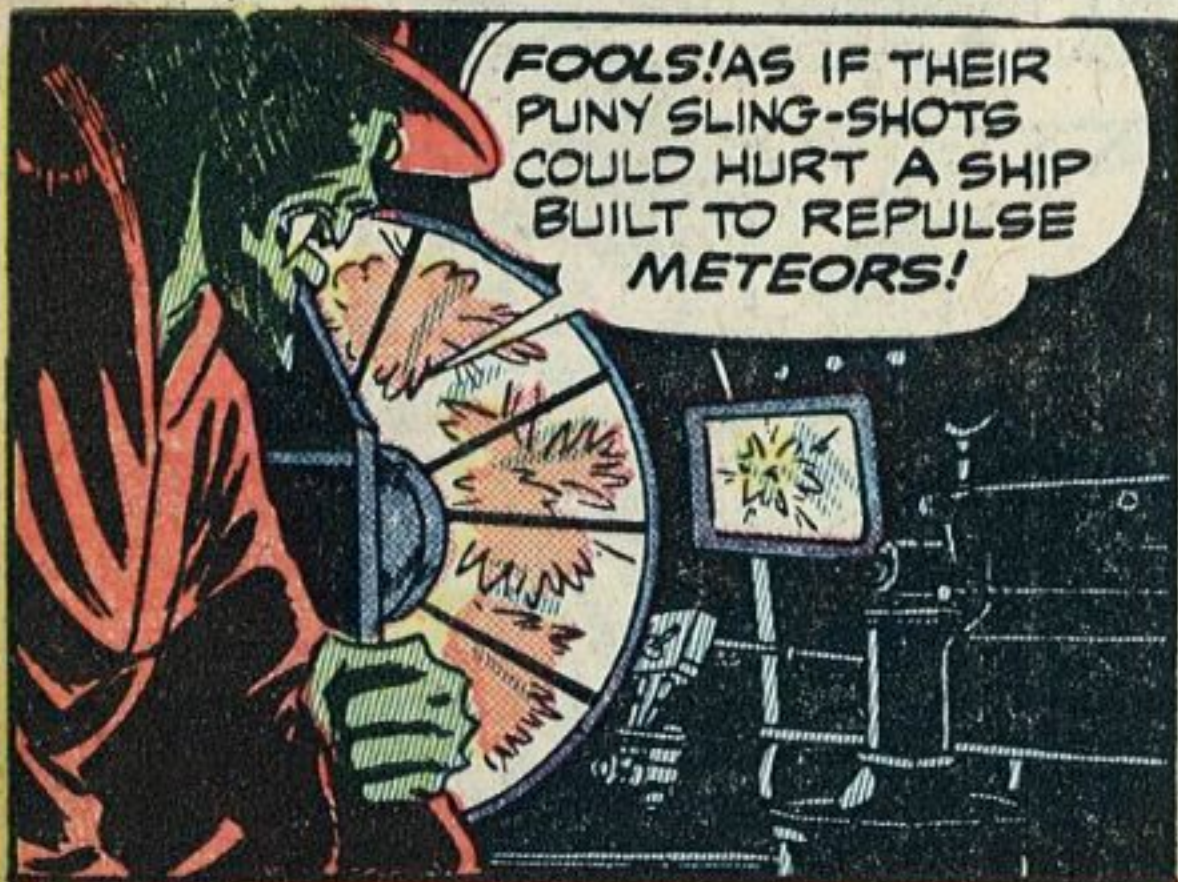
THEN WOULD YOU CALL THAT MAGIC?



THE SIGHT OF SATANAS' WEIRD CRAFT, AND THE AIR IS FILLED WITH DEADLY ACK-ACK! BUT CANNON SHELLS MERELY REBOUND HARMLESSLY FROM THE SPACE SHIP!



FOOLS! AS IF THEIR PUNY SLING-SHOTS COULD HURT A SHIP BUILT TO REPULSE METEORS!



I'LL STOP THIS NONSENSE NOW!



ABRUPTLY...THE FIRING CEASES...BOTH MEN AND MACHINES BECOME IMMOBILE...LIKE STATUES! IT'S THE POWER OF SATANAS' PARALYSIS RAY!

THE RAY EVEN PENETRATES THE STEEL OF THE TANKS! WAIT...I HAVE AN IDEA TO STOP THIS MADMAN!

DEEP, DEEP DOWN-- ARE THE VAULTS OF FORT KNOX!

HO-HO-HO! QUIET...ALL IS QUIET!

ANOTHER PUZZLE FOR THE EARTH SCIENTISTS! LITTLE DID I THINK THE ATOMIC POWER FOR MY SHIP WOULD DISSOLVE STEEL!

VICTORIOUS...THE SPACESHIP LANDS ON A FIELD OF STATUS-LIKE SOLDIERS!

I'VE SPRAYED EVERY INCH OF THIS GROUND WITH THE RAY...EVEN THE VAULTS! THE GUARDS ARE IMMOBILE!

AT LAST...THE VAULT! SOON ALL THE GOLD IN AMERICA WILL BE MINE!

THAT'S WHAT I WANTED TO SEE! HOW HE WOULD GET THROUGH THE VAULT DOOR!!



TRUE SAYING, THAT! "ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL!" I SHAN'T GET ALL THE GOLD, BUT ENOUGH FOR MY NEEDS!



WHEN I DROPPED THE DISINTREGATOR GUN, IT BROKE! MY ONLY WEAPON IS THE PARALYSIS RAY! I'D BETTER GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE THAT MIRRORED MAN RETURNS WITH REINFORCEMENTS!



TOO LATE! HE GOT AWAY FROM DAN AND TONY! I'LL BET HE STOLE PLENTY OF GOLD, TOO!



THE GREATEST CRIMINAL BRAIN THE WORLD HAS EVER KNOWN! I WONDER IF HE IS OF OUR WORLD... HA! HAAA!!



NO NEED TO GET HYSTERICAL! UNCLE SAM WILL GET HIM NEXT TIME!

ME? HYSTERICAL? I'M LAUGHING BECAUSE I'M PICTURING SATANAS' FACE--

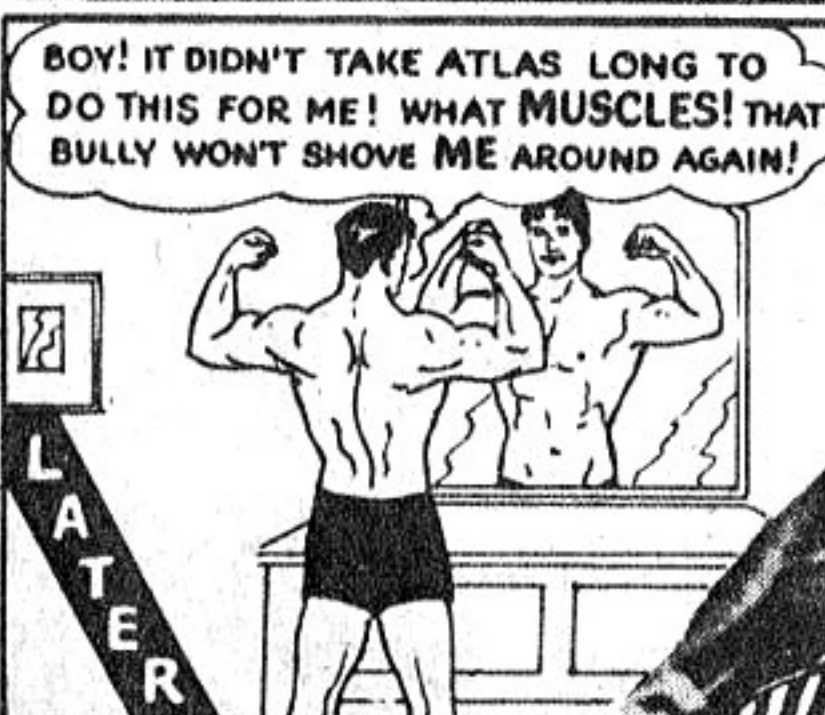


--WHEN HE FINDS OUT AMERICA HAS BEEN OFF THE GOLD STANDARD FOR YEARS! HO-HO!!

RIGHT! HE WON'T BE ABLE TO SPEND IT HERE IN THE UNITED STATES! HA! HA! ALL THAT WORK FOR NOTHING!!



HOW JOE'S BODY BROUGHT HIM FAME INSTEAD OF SHAME



I Can Make YOU a New Man, Too, in Only 15 Minutes a Day!

If YOU, like Joe, have a body that others can "push around"—if you're ashamed to strip for sports or a swim—then give me just 15 minutes a day! I'll PROVE you can have a body you'll be proud of, packed with red-blooded vitality! "Dynamic Tension." That's the secret! That's how I changed myself from a spindleshanked, scrawny weakling to winner of the title, "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

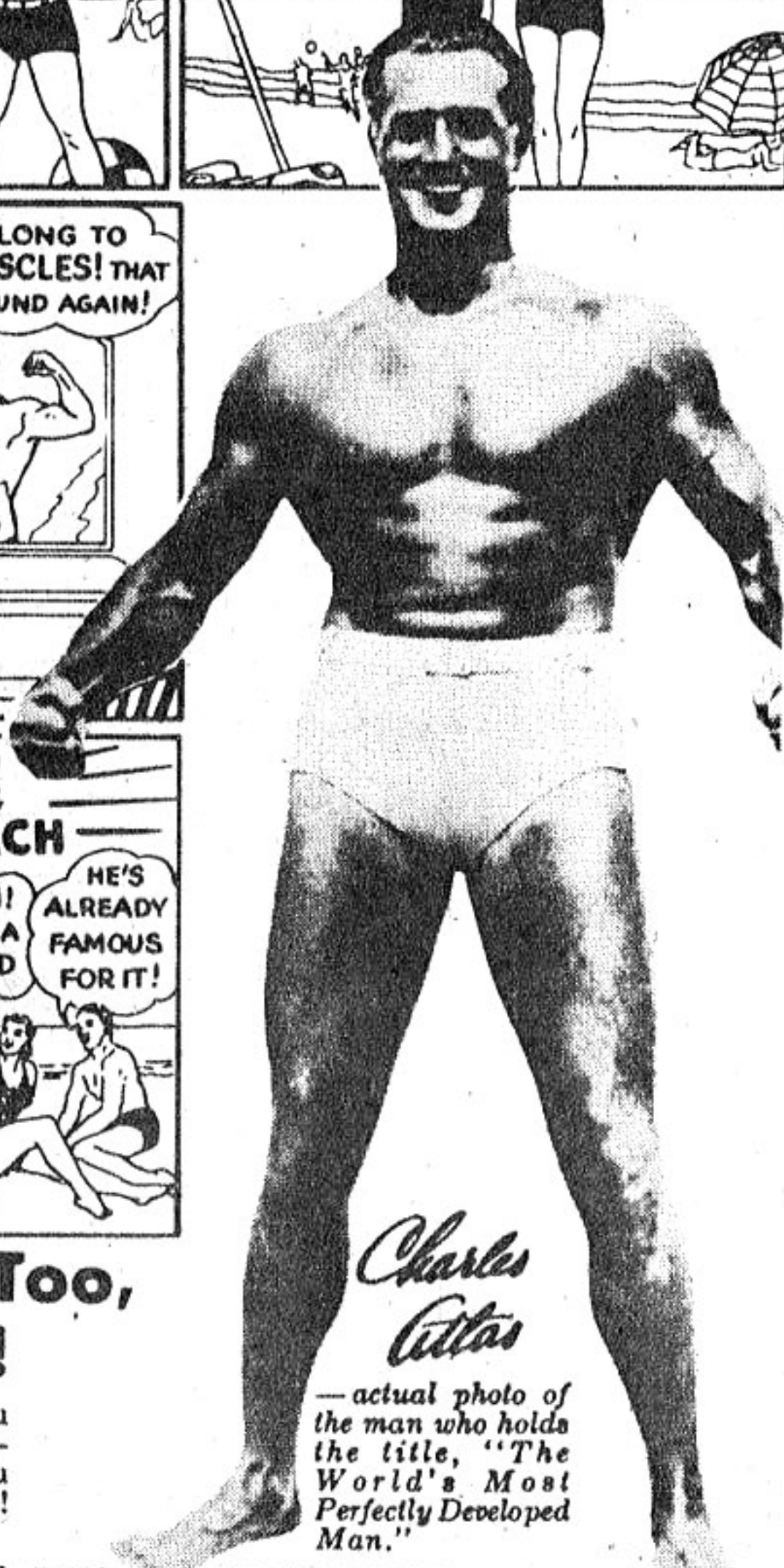
"Dynamic Tension" Does It!

Using "Dynamic Tension" only 15 minutes a day, in the privacy of your own room, you quickly begin to put on muscle, increase your chest measurements, broaden your back, fill out your arms and legs. Before you know it, this easy,

NATURAL method will make you a finer specimen of REAL MANHOOD than you ever dreamed you could be! You'll be a New Man!

FREE BOOK

Thousands of fellows have used my marvelous system. Read what they say—see how they looked before and after—in my book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." Send NOW for this book—FREE. It tells all about "Dynamic Tension," shows you actual photos of men I've turned from puny weaklings into Atlas Champions. It tells how I can do the same for YOU. Don't put it off! Address me personally: Charles Atlas, Dept. 180K, 115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N.Y.



Charles Atlas

—actual photo of the man who holds the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 180K
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

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☐ Check here if under 16 for Booklet A

Beautiful Simulated BIRTHSTONE RING GIVEN AWAY

Also Other Valuable Gifts.

Smart, new, dainty, Sterling Silver Ring set with sparkling simulated Birthstone correct for your birth date—GIVEN for selling only 5 boxes of Gold Crown Spot Remover and Cleaner at 25c each and returning the money collected. Dozens of other useful and valuable gifts (Hose, Pens, Scissors, Rings, Locket, Costume Jewelry, etc.) are also offered in our free catalog-circular. Send name and address today for order and catalog to start.

Birthstone Ring Given for Selling 5 boxes.

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Powerful Telescope for spotting planes Given for selling 10 boxes.

Just Send The Coupon We TRUST YOU

Many feel it's lucky to wear their birthstone. Send coupon today. GOLD CROWN PRODUCTS, Dept. E-157, Jefferson, Iowa

Enclose this coupon in an envelope or paste it on a postcard and send it to GOLD CROWN PRODUCTS, Dept. E-157, Jefferson, Iowa, for order to start.

NAME
ADDRESS
CITY STATE

Gift I want to have you send me.

Hollywood Remembrance LOCKET

Dainty, New, Two-Tone

Beautiful lockets are in style today more than ever, not only because of their extraordinary beauty, but also for the reason that so many ladies want to have pictures of their loved ones near to them at all times. The 18-inch chain has a special safety lock fastener. No other keepsake is so precious and ornamental as this beautiful locket.

SEND NO MONEY

The front of the locket is new, two-tone design with sentimental heart-shaped roses in life-like colors. Send no money. Just mail the coupon today. Your package will be sent immediately and you pay postman only \$1.95 plus a few cents for mailing costs and Federal Tax on arrival. 10 Days Money Back Guarantee.

Empire Diamond Co., Dept. 89 HV, Jefferson, Iowa.

Send the New, 2-Tone Locket. I understand I can return my order within 10 days for any reason and you will refund promptly.

Name
Address
City State

18 Inch Chain

Locket in Dainty, 2-Tone Design

Supply Limited

\$1.95

Ten Days Trial

Send the Coupon Today
EMPIRE DIAMOND CO.

Dept. 89 HV Jefferson, Iowa

Each locket has snap-lock and a substantial hinge. Opens easily and provides 2 spaces on the inside for pictures of loved ones. Supplies are limited.

New ENLARGEMENT 3¢

Just to Get Acquainted We Will Beautifully Enlarge Your Favorite Snapshot, Photo, Kodak Picture, Print or Negative to 5 x 7 Inches If You Enclose the Coupon and a 3 Cent Stamp for Return Mailing!

Everyone admires pictures in natural colors because the surroundings and loved ones are so true to life, just the way they looked when the pictures were taken, so we want you to know also about our gorgeous colored enlargements. Think of having that small picture or snapshot enlarged to 5 by 7 inch size so that the details and features you love are more life-like and natural. Over one million men and women have sent us their favorite snapshots and pictures for enlarging. They tell us how much they also enjoy their remarkably true life natural colored enlargements we have sent them in handsome black and gold, or ivory and gold frames.

You are now given a wonderful opportunity to receive a beautiful enlargement of your cherished snapshot, photo or Kodak picture. Please include the color of hair and eyes and get our new bargain offer giving you your choice of handsome frames with a second enlargement beautifully hand tinted in natural lifelike oil colors and sent on approval. Your original is returned with your enlargement. This amazing enlargement offer is our way of getting acquainted and letting you know the quality of our work. Send today as supplies are limited.

DEAN STUDIOS, Dept. 940, 211 W. 7th St., Des Moines, Iowa



Enclose this coupon with your favorite snapshot, picture or negative and send to **DEAN STUDIOS, Dept. 940, 211 W. 7th St., Des Moines, Iowa.**

Name
Address
City State

Color of Hair

Color of Eyes